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THE STANDARD.

THE USURPATIONS OF SLAVERY.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

In the Senate of the United States, Feb. 23, 1855,

ON THE

Bill to Protect Officers of the United States.

Mr President: The scene before me, and all its circumstances and incidents, admonish me that the time has come when the Senate of the United States is about to grant another of those concessions, which have become habitual here, to the power of Slavery in this Republic. For the second time, in a period of nearly three months, the brilliant chandelier above our heads is lighted up; the passages and galleries are densely crowded; all the customary forms of legislation are laid aside. The multifarious subjects which have their rise in all parts of this extended country are suddenly forgotten in a concentration of feeling upon a single question of intense interest. The day is spent without adjournment. Senators, foregoing their natural relaxation and refreshment, remain in their seats until midnight approaches. Excitement breaks out in every part of the Chamber. Criminations and recriminations and denunciations of Senators individually, and of Senators by classes, equally of those who have participated in the debate and of those who have remained silent, grate harshly upon the ear. Such as these were the incidents that heralded the passage of the Fugitive Slave act of 1850. Such as these attended the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. I know full well that the fall of Constitutional Liberty is as certain to follow these incidents occurring now as it followed the like incidents on the sad occasions to which I have referred. And, for aught I know, the teeming gun, which proclaimed those former triumphs of Slavery, is already planted again under the eaves of the Capitol, to celebrate another victory. My course on this occasion has been the same as on all former occasions of a like character. I have forborne from engaging in the debate until near the end of the controversy, that the country may know who it is, and who it is not, that disturbs the public harmony and breaks the public peace by the agitation of slavery in these halls; and I shall speak now less in the form of an argument against the bill before us than of a protest upon which I shall take my stand, to abide the ultimate judgment which shall be rendered by the American people. For myself, there is a painful association connected with the rise of this debate. I arose in my place at 11 o'clock this morning, simultaneously with the honourable Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Toucey], and each of us demanded an audience, which was assigned by the Chair to him. He announced this bill, which, however obscure in its language, was, as we all instantly knew, designed for the protection of officers of the United States who are engaged in executing the Fugitive Slave law. On the other side, I held in my hand a proposition, to be submitted to the Senate, for the erection of a bronze monument, fifty feet high, in the city of Washington, which should illustrate the life and the death of Thomas Jefferson, and commemorate the immortal names of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence. It was a new acknowledgment which I was about to ask from the Senate of the United States to the great fact on which the liberties of this country and all its Constitutions rest—that all men are created equal. Sir, the success which the honourable Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Toucey] obtained over me, when the floor was assigned to him, was ominous. The Senate of the United States will erect no monument to the memory of Jefferson, who declared that, in the unequal contest between Slavery and Freedom, the Almighty had no attribute which could take part with the oppressor. But the Senate will, on the other hand, promptly comply with the demand to raise another bulwark around the institution of slavery. Mr. President, as there is nothing new in the circumstances of this transaction, so it has happened now, as on all similar occasions heretofore, that everything foreign from the question at issue has been brought into the debate. The introduction of these foreign matters has, as heretofore, been attended with a profusion of reproaches and calumnies and epithets, as inapposite to the occasion as they are inconsistent with the decorum and dignity of an august Legislature. Those of us upon whom such denunciations, calumnies and epithets have been showered have endured them long, and I think no one will deny that we have endured them patiently. To such Senators as have given utterance to their opinions in that form of argument, I make, for myself, only this reply—that that field of debate is relinquished exclusively to themselves. Now, as on similar occasions heretofore, the relations of political parties, and their respective merits and demerits, have entered largely into the discussion. Sir, I shall forbear from entering into that part of the debate, for the reason that I am addressing, not politicians, but statesmen. So far as the justice or expediency of the measure under consideration is concerned, it can make no difference whether those who advocate it or those who oppose it are Whigs or are Democrats, or belong to that new class of men who are popularly called Know-Nothings. Arguments based on such grounds may have their weight somewhere else—outside of this Chamber—or possibly up there [pointing to the galleries]—but certainly not down here. Inquisition has been made concerning the circumstances and influences which attended the recent elections of members, not only of this House, but of the House of Representatives, for the purpose, as it seems, of awakening prejudices against those who oppose the passage of this bill. I give notice to honourable Senators who have adopted this line of argument that it is neither required by the people whom I represent here nor is it consistent with their dignity and honour that I should assume to interpret the motives which determined their choice of legislators. The results are before the world. They explain themselves. Equally derogatory from my duty, and disrespectful to the statesmen around me, and to the States which they represent, would it be were I to inquire into the manner or circumstances of the elections made by those States. I recognise every Senator here as the exponent of the opinions and principles of the State from which he comes. And I hear no voice from any State but that to which its representatives give utterance. Nevertheless, Mr. President, I shall not shrink from such an exposition of my own opinions and sentiments on collateral issues, as shall tend to disembarrass a good cause, by relieving it from unjust prejudices, directed against myself as its advocate. First, in regard to what is called the Nebraska Question: I freely confess that I regard the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise by the Nebraska bill of the last session as an unjust, unnecessary, dangerous and revolutionary act. I voted against it as such. Let that vote stand against me, in the minds and in the hearts, if it must be so, of those Senators who regard it as a cause for reproach. Certainly, this is not the time to justify that vote. A time to do so was, when the vote was given, and its vindication was then duly made. There is probably another time coming for the renewal of that vindication—a time in the near future, when the question of a restoration of freedom throughout the Territories of the United States will arise in the Senate. Then, if God shall bless me with continued life and health and strength, I hope again to do my duty. To that future time I adjourn the argument on the bill for the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise. There is more of propriety in the discussions of the Fugitive Slave law, which have been reöpened during this debate. I have no need, however, to speak on that subject. I have fully debated it heretofore, on more occasions than one, in this place. Every word of what I then said is recorded in the legislative history of the United States. There is not a thought that I would wish to add; there is not a word that I am willing to take away. Time is full surely and quite rapidly enough resolving the question whether those were right who pronounced the Fugitive Slave law a just, and necessary, and constitutional act, full of healing to a wounded country; or whether the humble individual who now stands before you was right when he admonished you that that law was unnecessary, unwise, inhuman, and derogatory from the Constitution, and that it would never be executed without new and continued usurpations. The transaction of this night takes place in order that the words of that prophecy may be fulfilled. I am not allowed, Sir, to reach the merits of this question without alluding to a body of men who sport in the public gaze under a name which I hardly know how to repeat in the presence of so grave and reverend an assemblage as this—the Know-Nothings. They are said to have contrived their disguise with so much ingenuity that one who is not a novitiate cannot deny a knowledge of their ceremonies and principles without implying his communion and membership with them. Nevertheless, I must reply to the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas], who charges me, among others, with such such an affiliation, that I have no knowledge of that body of men, other than what is afforded me by the publications of the day. Thus informed, I understand the Know-Nothings to be a secret Society or Order, consisting of two or three grades, colleagued and mutually sworn to elect individuals of their own Order, or at least persons maintaining the principles which that Order entertains, to all offices of trust and profit in the United States. These principles I understand to be, in general, the same which, before the organization of the Know-Nothings, passed under the name of Native Americanism. I, Sir, have no connection with that Order. I am under no responsibility for its doings, and I have not the least sympathy with its principles or sentiments. I belong to one voluntary Association of men, which has to do with spiritual affairs. It is the Christian Church—that branch of it, all-imperfect though I think it is, which, according to my notions, most nearly retains, in their purity, the instructions of the Gospel. That Association is an open one, which performs all its rites, and gives all its instructions, with publicity, and invites every man, in the language of its Divine Founder, to come in and partake of the privileges with which He invested it, and of the blessings which He promises. I belong to one temporal Society of men, and that is the political party which, according to my notions, embodies most fully and most truly, although, I confess, as in the other case, very inadequately, the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. This Association also, of which I have last spoken, is an open one. All its transactions are conducted in the broad daylight, and it invites all citizens, and all men who become subjects of the power of this Government, of whatever clime or race or colour they may be, to enter into its ranks, to participate in its labours, and to coöperate in maintaining good government and advancing the cause of Human Nature. These two Associations, the one spiritual and the other temporal, are the only voluntary Associations to which I now belong, or ever have belonged since I became a man; and, unless I am bereft of reason, they are the only Associations of men to which I shall ever suffer myself to belong.

Secret Societies, Sir! Before I would place my right hand between the hands of other men, in a secret Lodge, Order, Class or Council, and, bending my knee before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed and that I might become an object of the pity and even [illegible] Sir!—I, a man, an [illegible] of my fellow-men. Swear, swear to submit myself to the guidance [illegible] rection of other men, surrendering my own judgments to their judgments, and my own conscience to their keeping! No, no, Sir. I know quite well the fallibility of my own jugdment, and my liability to fall into error and temptation. But my life has been spent in breaking the bonds of the slavery of other men. I, therefore, know too well the danger of confiding power to irresponsible hands to make myself a willing slave. Proscribe a man, Sir, because he was not born in the same town, or county, or State, or country in which I was born! Why, Sir, I do most earnestly and most affectionately advise all persons hereafter to be born, that they be born in the United States, and, if they can, without inconvenience, to be born in the State of New York, and thus avoid a great deal of trouble for themselves and for others [laughter]. Moreover, I do most affectionately enjoin upon all such persons as are hereafter to be born, that they be born of fathers and of mothers, of grandfathers and of grandmothers, of pure American blood. Still more, Sir, I do affectionately enjoin upon all who shall thus have the wisdom to come into existence on this side of the Atlantic, and of such pure and untainted ancestry, to be either born in the Protestant faith or to be converted as speedily as possible to that good and true Protestant Church, within whose pale I myself am accustomed to worship. More than that, Sir. Speaking from a full knowledge and conviction of the serious inconveniences which absolute and eternal slavery entails upon man and upon races of men, I do earnestly, strenuously and affectionately conjure all people everywhere, who are hereafter to be born, to be born white [laughter]. Thus, being born in this free and happy country, and being born white, they will be born free. But, Mr. President, this is the length and this is the breadth of my connection with the new and mysterious order of patriots. And, if there shall hereafter come among us persons who, because, from ignorance, they may not be able to profit by my advice and counsel, shall be born in foreign lands; or even if there shall be any who, in despite of my counsel, shall persist in being Roman Catholics, or Jews, or Turks, or Chinese; or if there shall be others who, disregarding my persuasion, shall insist upon coming into the world with blackened faces and twisted hair, all I can say in regard to them is, that I have done my duty, and I shall not add a feather's weight to the disabilities which they will incur by their presumption and perverseness [laughter]. Sir, my honourable friend from Connecticut (Mr. Gillette) has thought this was a good occasion to invite us to consider the question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and has thereby incurred some censure. He certainly had a warrant in the latitude which the debate had already assumed, although the subject was not very germain to the question before us. I have no hesitation to disclose my fanaticism in that direction. Five years ago, I proposed, in the Congress of the United States, the emancipation of all the slaves in the District of Columbia, with the consent of its citizens, to be expressed through the customary forms of a popular election, and with full compensation, to be paid out of the public Treasury, to the individuals who should suffer damage in their fortunes by so great an act of natural humanity and justice. I am ready to go with my honourable friend that length now. I shall be ready to go the same length to-morrow—next year—always. This is enough, I trust, on that subject. I, and others here, Sir, are denounced as Abolitionists, in a broader sense, and therefore as traitors. I have no hesitation in confessing the whole truth on that point. I believe that I do not know a human being who maintains or supposes that the Government of the United States has lawful authority or right to abolish slavery in the States of this Union. Certainly, in my own opinion, that Government has no such right. But, Sir, I am a man none the less because I am a citizen and a Senator of the United States. And, although I have no power to exercise in a slaveholding State, I very freely say that, if I were a member of such a community, I should recommend to, and urge upon, my fellow citizens there—with patience which could endure until the necessary reform could safely be obtained—some measure of Emancipation, immediate or prospective, with compensation for damages, through the action of the State Legislature upon the ascertained consent of the people. I add, further, to meet the requirements of those who suppose that a proposition of gradual emancipation to the slaveholding States is either timely now or soon will be so, that, while I retain a place in the National Councils, any slaveholding State willing to adopt the humane policy which has been already adopted by my own State, and by other States, shall have my vote for any aid, either in lands or money, from the Federal Government, which the condition of the public Treasury and of the National domain will allow, in furtherance of an object in which not only the slaveholding States are interested, but which concerns the whole Union, and even human nature itself. Mr. President, I have made my way at last, through the intricate mazes of this discussion, to the actual question before the Senate. The bill before us is in these words:

"If a suit be commenced or pending in any State Court against any officer of the United States or other person, for or on account of any act done under any law of the United States, or under colour thereof, or for or on account of any right, authority, claim or title set up by such officer or other person, under any law of the United States, and the defendant shall, at the first term of such State Court after the passage of this act, or at the first term of such State Court after such suit shall be commenced, file a petition for the removal of the cause for trial into the next Circuit Court to be held in the district where the suit is pending, or, if there be no Circuit Court in such district, then to the District Court, invested with the powers of a Circuit Court, next to be held in said district, and offer good and sufficient surety for his entering in such Court, on the first day of its session, copies of said process against him, and also for his there appearing and entering special bail in the case, if special bail was originally requisite therein; it shall then be the duty of the State Court to accept the surety and proceed no further in the cause; and any bail that may have been taken shall be discharged, and the said copies being entered as aforesaid in such Court of the United States, the cause shall there proceed in the same manner as it had been brought there by original process; and any attachment of the goods or estate of the defendant by the original process shall hold the goods or estate so attached, to answer the final judgment, in the same manner as by the laws of such State they would have been holden to answer such final judgment, had it been rendered by the Court in which the suit commenced; and the party removing the cause shall not be allowed to plead or give evidence of any other defence than that arising under a law of the United States, as aforesaid."

What is proposed here is an innovation—a new thing—a thing unknown in the laws of the country since the States came into a Federal Union. That new thing is, that a person, civilly prosecuted in a State Court, and justifying under authority or colour of a law of the United States, may oust the State of its jurisdiction, and remove the cause into a Court of the United States. The first question which arises is, How does the thing stand now? How has it hitherto stood? What are the powers of the State Courts, and what are their duties? What are the rights of parties in the State Courts? The Constitution of the United States binds together in Federal Union thirty-one States, which, while they remain equal and qualified sovereignties, at the same time constitute, in the aggregate another qualified sovereignty. In so much as the chief business of Government is to protect the rights of its citizens or subjects, and, as the performance of that duty is, under free Governments, assigned to Courts of Justice, and in so much as the citizen is simultaneously the subject of a State Government and of the Federal Government, the State Courts and the United States Courts exercise concurrently or coördinately the power of trying civil actions which are brought against persons acting as officers of the Federal Government. The public officers of the United States are, as we all know, numerous, and of many classes—civil, military and naval. They are engaged in executing laws relating to the army, the navy, the customs, the public lands, the Post-Office, the judiciary and foreign relations. These agents may be called upon to answer by any person who is aggrieved, either in the proper Federal Court or in a Court of the State where the grievance happened. A case which will illustrate the subject now occurs to me. Two or three years ago, I successfully maintained, in the Supreme Court of the United States, an action on the case, which had been brought in a Justice's Court of the State of New York by a woman, against a postmaster who had refused to deliver to her a newspaper, on which the postage which could be rightfully demanded was one cent. The postmaster pleaded before the State, and before the [illegible] State, that none but a Federal Court could assume jurisdiction in the case. When his plea was finally overruled in the Court of last resort in the State, he appealed from that decision to the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court affirmed the decision of the State Court, and thus defined the law to be, that United States officers are amenable to civil actions in the State tribunals. The law now remains as it was then expounded, and so it has always stood since the establishment of the Constitution itself. It is wise and beneficent, because it surrounds the citizen with a double safeguard against extortion, oppression, and every form of injustice committed by the authority or in the name of the great central Executive Power.

The second question is, What is the nature and extent of the change which you propose to make by the bill which is under consideration? That question is answered in a word. Whenever the rights of a citizen are invaded in any State within the Union, by a person holding a commission, whether civil or military, from the President of the United States, he shall henceforth have only a single safeguard, instead of that double panoply which has hitherto shielded him, and he must either forego redress or seek it in a tribunal of the United States, in which justice is administered by Judges appointed by the President and the Senate, and irremovable, except on impeachment by the House of Representatives; and, therefore, responsible in the least possible degree to that wholesome public opinion which is the guardian of public liberty. Every postmaster and his deputy, every marshal and his deputy, every mail-contractor, every stage driver, every tide-waiter, every lieutenant, every ensign, and even every midshipman, will be independent of State authority, and when prosecuted before a Magistrate or Court, in the immediate vicinage where his offence is committed, will defy the party aggrieved, and remove the action commenced against him into a Federal tribunal, whose terms are rarely held, and then in remote and practically inaccessible places. One-half of the power residing in the States is thus to be wrested from them at a single blow, and they will henceforth stand shattered monuments of earlier greatness. No such change as this was anticipated by the framers of our Federal and State Constitutions. They established the Federal Constitution chiefly for the protection of the whole country against foreign dangers. They gave to it a stronger Executive than they gave to the States, respectively. They established the State Constitutions chiefly for the protection and defence of personal rights. They knew that this Central Government would grow stronger and stronger, and would ultimately become an imperial power. It has realized that expectation, and has become even a Continental Power. Hitherto, the citizen has enjoyed his double safeguard. Why shall one-half of his panoply be now torn away from him? What lawful and proper object of the Federal Government has failed to be obtained by reason of the exercise of jurisdiction by State authorities over officers of the United States? None. Why, then, shall the ancient law and custom be changed? Is there danger that the citizen will be too secure under the double protection of the State Courts and of the Federal Courts? That was not the doctrine of the earlier days, and that is not sound doctrine now. I demand, in the third place, a reason for this innovation. In reply, you urge, first, a precedent. Precedents, in every country, are the stairway of tyrants. What is this precedent? It is a law which protects the public Treasury, by withdrawing from the State Courts certain actions against Collectors of the revenue. Who knows now, without more examination than you allow time for us to make, on what ground, or under what circumstances, or upon what exigency, that single departure from the ancient system was made? I do not know that I should have been in favour of that departure. Nor can you show that the innovation thus made, and which you now plead as a precedent, was necessary. We are always wiser in our judgments in retrospect than in anticipation. I can now see, when the precedent is pleaded to justify a further departure from the ancient system, abundant reasons to regret that the precedent was ever established. You tell me, in the next place, that there is no danger of insubordination—danger that the State Governments will nullify the laws of the Federal Government. This is always the ready plea for Federal usurpations. It is the same ground which the British Government assumed toward British subjects in the American Colonies, when it transported them beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences. I proclaim in your ears here, and I proclaim before my countrymen, that there is no necessity, and no shadow of necessity, for this great and fearful change. From every tribunal in any State of this Union which renders a final judgment that can affect the rights of any public officer of the United States, there is an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, reserved to him by the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that high tribunal can, merely by its mandate, annul that judgment, and discharge the party from all its consequences. This, and this alone, was the security which your forefathers established to prevent the evils and dangers of insubordination by the State authorities. I proclaim, further, that when the Constitution of the United States was submitted to the people in the several States, to be adopted by them, the chief objection which was urged against it—the objection which was urged with the most zeal, the most energy, and the most effect—was that the liberties of the citizen would be brought into jeopardy by the extended power of the Federal Judiciary. So strenuously was this objection urged that the Constitution was not adopted until it was demonstrated, by Hamilton, Jay and Madison, in *The Federalist*, that the State jurisdiction, which you are now about to strike down, was left to the States, and could never be wrested from them without an act of Congress, which there was no reason to presume would ever be passed. Sir, this is an important transaction. I warn you that it is a transaction too important to be suddenly projected, and carried out with unusual and unseemly rapidity. It is a transaction that will be reviewed freely, boldly, and through long years to come. You would have done well to have given us a week, or a day, or at least one hour, to prepare ourselves with arguments to dissuade you from your purpose and to stay your hands. Suffer me to say, with all deference, that you would have done well if you had allowed yourselves time to consider more deliberately the necessity for a measure so bold, and the consequences which must follow it. I repeat, Sir, that there is no necessity for this act. In every case which is intended to be reached by it, the mandate of the Supreme Court of the United States annuls the judgment of the State Court, which has mistaken its own powers, or encroached upon the Federal authority; and the State itself, with all its dignity and pride, falls humbled and abased at the foot of central and imperial powers. I habitually contemplate everything connected with the development of the resources, and with the extension and aggrandizement and glory of this my country, with an enthusiasm which I am sure I do not always find burning in the hearts of all with whom it is my duty to act in her Councils. But, Sir, I shudder when I think that this development, this extension, this aggrandizement, and this accumulation of glory, are going on firmly, steadily and crushingly, at the expense of these noble, independent States; that the majestic dome, while it spreads itself more widely and erects itself higher and higher, is pressing into crumbling fragments the pillars which constitute its true and just support. Sir, we have had, on this occasion, as we always have on painful occasions of this kind, pathetic allusions to the safety of the Federal Union. And these allusions have been addressed to me, although I have hitherto been content to be a silent listener to this debate. What do you think must be the feelings of a man, himself a Representative of three millions, one-eighth of your whole people—a Representative of one-sixth of all the freemen in the Republic—a Representative of even a larger proportion of the whole wealth of the country—a Representative of your whole Concentrated Commerce—when he finds himself surrounded by men who think that a community so numerous and so intelligent, and enjoying such wealth and cherishing such interests, are so far habitually blinded by passion as to be disloyal to the Union on which all their safety depends? Sir, I almost forget my customary toleration when I see around me men who know their own hearts, and who yet seem to forget that those interests and affections are the offspring of humanity itself, and, therefore, common to all men, and suppose that it is treason against the country to protest against the oppression of any one of its many and various masses and races. I warn you, Senators, that you are saving this Union at a fearful cost. This is a Republican Government—the first and only one that has ever been widely and permanently successful. Every man in this country—every man in Christendom—who knows anything of the philosophy of Government, knows that this Republic has been thus successful only by reason of the stability, strength and greatness of the individual States. You are saving the Union of those States by sapping and undermining the columns on which it rests. You reply to all this, that there is a newly developed necessity for this act of Federal aggrandizement. There is no such new necessity whatever. The Courts of the several States have exercised their concurrent jurisdiction over officers and agents of the United States for a period of sixty years, in cases which involved life, liberty, property, commerce, peace and war, subject to supervision by the Supreme tribunal of the Union; and while individual rights have been maintained, the public peace has been everywhere preserved, and the public safety has never received a wound. During all that time, there has never been an agent or apologist of the Federal power so apprehensive for the public safety as to propose the measure which is now before us. There never has been a time when such a proposition would have been received with favour. There have, indeed, been discontents; but they have been local and transient. Such discontents are incident to free society everywhere, and they are inevitable here. It is through the working of such discontents that free communities, acting by constitutional means, and within constitutional restraints, work out the reformation of errors, the correction of abuses, and the advancement of society. All that has happened is a change of the scene of these discontents, resulting from a change in the geographical direction which the action of the Federal Government takes. Heretofore, the murmurs of discontent came from the South. Now, the breeze which bears them sets in from the North. When the wind blew from a Southern quarter, the rights of the citizen were not safe without the interposition of the State tribunals. Now, when it comes from an opposite point of the compass, a Senator from Connecticut (Mr. Toucey) requires Congress to prohibit that interposition, and to arm the Federal Government with new and portentous power. Mr. President, all this trouble arises out of the Fugitive Slave law. The transaction in which we are engaged is by no means the first act of a new drama. You began here, in 1793, to extend into the free States, by the exercise of the Federal power, the war of races—the war of the master against the slave. The Fugitive Slave law, which was then passed, became obsolete. Though no great inconvenience was sustained, the pride of the slaveholding power was wounded. In 1850, you passed a new Fugitive Slave law, and connected it with measures designed to extend the Territorial jurisdiction of the United States over new regions, without inhibiting slavery. You were told at that time, as distinctly as you are told to-night, that your new law could not be executed, and would become obsolete for the same reasons that the old law had become obsolete; that the failure of the old law had resulted not from its want of stringency, but from its too great stringency. You were told then, as distinctly as you are now told, that your new law, with all its terrors, would fail, because, like the old law, and more than the old law, it lacked the elements to command the consent and approval of the consciences, the sympathies, and the judgments of a Free People. The new law, however, was adopted in defiance of our protest that it was an act of Federal usurpation, that it virtually suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, that it unconstitutionally denied a trial by jury, and that it virtually commanded a judgment of perpetual slavery to be summarily rendered, upon *ex-parte* evidence, which the party accused was not allowed to refute in the due and ordinary course of the common law. You adopted new and oppressive penalties, in answer to all these remonstrances; and, under threats and alarms for the safety of the Union, the Fugitive Slave bill received the sanction of the Congress of the United States, and became a law. That was the second act. When murmurs and loud complaints arose, and remonstrances came in from every side, you resorted to an old and much abused expedient. You brought all the great political parties in the United States into a coalition and league to maintain this law, and every word and letter of it, unimpaired, and to perpetuate it forever. All your other laws, although they might be beneficent, and productive of human rights and of human liberty, could be changed, but this one unconstitutional law, so derogatory from the rights of human nature, was singled out from among all the rest, and was to be, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, a decree forever. This was the third act. And where are you now? It is only five years since the Fugitive Slave law was passed. You have poured out treasure like water to secure its execution. The public police, the revenue service, the army and the navy, have been at your command, and have all been vigorously employed, to aid in enforcing it. And still the Fugitive Slave law is not executed, and is becoming obsolete. You demand a further and a more stringent law. The Federal Government must be armed with new powers, subversive of public liberty, to enforce the obnoxious statute. The bill now before us supplies those new powers. This is the fourth act. It is easy to be seen that it cannot be the final one. Sir, I look with sorrow, but with no anxiety, upon these things. They will have their end before long in complete discomfiture. I abide the time, and wait for the event. I perform my duty, the only duty which remains for me now, in protesting against the enactment of this law, and in expressing to you my conviction that you are travelling altogether in the wrong direction. If you wish to secure respect to the Federal authorities, to cultivate harmony between the States, to secure universal peace, and to create new bonds of perpetual union, there is only one way before you. Instead of adding new penalties, employing new agencies, and inspiring new terrors, you must go back to the point where your mistaken policy began, and conform your Federal laws to Magna Charta, to the Constitution, and to the Rights of Man.

GERRIT SMITH TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Peterboro', Feb. 20, 1855.

Wendell Phillips, Boston—*My Dear Friend:* I have just been reading again a portion of your speech delivered in New York, 9th last month.

I do not suppose that you regard republican institutions as less efficient than monarchical institutions to "educate men and women to the highest point of moral life." Nevertheless, from the connection in which you use these words, you are exposed to this inference. You praise England for having, with her "aristocratic institutions," abolished her slavery; and you raise the question whether, under a "republican government," the noble education of which you speak can be attained, and so America be enabled to abolish her slavery. She may not be enabled to abolish it. But it does not follow that the moral excellence of her reformers falls below that of English reformers. It was little for England to abolish a slavery exterior to herself, compared with what it would have been to abolish a slavery inwoven with all her interests, and pouring corruption through her whole political, and moral, and social being. England was not debauched and ruled by her slavery—but American slavery has left scarcely one sound spot in American character; and it is, confessedly, the ruler of America.

The fact that the English "never saw" the slaves whom they emancipated, you make a prominent feature in the merit of the emancipation. But has it never occurred to you that, had they seen them, they might have refused to emancipate them? "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The American Christian who now loathes the American slave would be apt to fall deep in love with him were he several thousand miles off. Such a Christian is eager to bear his part in those foreign missionary operations which afford wide play to the romantic and sentimental. But deep [illegible] the regard and melt the pity [illegible] I add, that it is only [illegible] tian who, in this respect, is like such an American Christian.

No—I do not believe that our reformers will suffer in any fair comparison with the reformers of England. That they are as capable as hers of a high moral effort is manifest from the progress which they have made in many directions. They are as far advanced in the cause of Peace; and much farther in the cause of Temperance. They have done much more to prove the right of the landless to a free share of the God-given soil; and much more to prove the identity of woman's rights with man's rights; and much more to open the eyes of Christians to the great sin of their sectarian divisions, and to the indispensableness of Christian union to the salvation of the world; and I add, that their hatred of slavery is more intense and self-sacrificing than is that of the English reformers. Now, when I have said these things, I have virtually said that the American reformers have, at least, as much religion as the English reformers have—for these things, especially when taken together, are among the highest evidences that they, of whom all this can be affirmed, are actuated by the principles of religion. The prayer, and preaching, and machinery of the Churches, prove nothing more in favour of the Churches than do the tools of the carpenter in his favour. What he has accomplished with his tools is the question for determining the merit of the carpenter; and the effect with which the Churches have plied their tools and improved their advantages is the measure of the merits of the Churches. Preaching, and prayer, and praise are rather means of and means to religion than religion itself. Motives and influences to the religious life are to be drawn from heaven as well as earth. But the life itself is to be seen among men, and can prove itself only in justice and goodness to men.

I admit that the movement to abolish American slavery is a failure. But I believe that the movement to abolish British slavery had also been a failure, only that it was so much less difficult to abolish that slavery than it is to abolish ours. I admit that the American Abolitionists are not educated to a sufficiently high "point of moral life" to accomplish their object. But I deny that the English Abolitionists were educated to a higher one. It is true that we are not sufficiently wise, and devoted, and high-souled, for our arduous and sublime work. But English Abolitionists lacked as much as we do the attainments and character for such a work. I admit that it requires only a small number of right-minded persons to sustain the American anti-slavery cause, and carry it forward to victory, and that even this small number cannot be supplied. Nevertheless, such persons are no more rare in America than in England. I referred to the fact that we needed but a small band to make our success sure. With such a cause—a cause that speaks so clearly for itself—one true man in each town of the North would be sufficient. But, it is only here and there a town that can furnish such a man. The men of whom "one should chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight" are not to be picked up in every community; and it is only that rare kind of men who are capable of achieving, without brute force, a conquest over American slavery. Blows that would tell on so weak and yielding a thing as English slavery are utterly impotent upon the strong and stubborn slavery of America.

I have attributed to their low and false education the failure of American Abolitionists to accomplish their work. Pardon me for improving this occasion to inquire into the cause of this low and false education. I cannot doubt that the popular religion is mainly responsible for it. This religion is so defective—not to say so spurious—as to be incapable of fashioning the right men for our high and holy work. This religion dwarfs and deforms men, instead of bringing out, as true religion is alone capable of doing, their fullest and noblest proportions. The mere fact that it is a sectarian religion is sufficient to condemn it. The religion which encourages, or so much as suffers, its disciple to escape from the self-accountability, and stern duties, and undischarged obligations of individualism into the conventional discipline and personal irresponsibilities of party, is of little worth, notwithstanding it is so well-nigh universal. Christianity requires her disciple to stand upon his own feet, instead of leaning on others—in his own strength, instead of the strength of others; and she will not permit him to supply with the sympathy and buttresses of party his lack of self-reliance, nor to plead the merit of his party in default of his personal merit.

That Christians run into sects shows their disobedience to the plainest requirements of Christianity, and their false and low views of her spirit. Christians there are—innumerable Christians—who are sectarians. Nevertheless, theirs is not the vigorous, manly, independent piety, which Christianity calls for. Indeed, a sectarian Christian is but half a Christian. A whole Christian will not consent to wear the yoke of party. A whole Christian, I add, identifies himself with the whole Christian brotherhood, and, therefore, cannot be a partisan. No more than Jesus Christ Himself can he refuse Church relations with any—even the weakest and most erring—disciples of Jesus Christ. Nay, as the Saviour is especially concerned to bring such feeble, and mistaken, and perilled ones into the safety of His fold, so the Christian who is most like the Saviour finds a peculiar joy in welcoming to the provisions of the Church these "little ones" and "least" ones, who are in greater need of those provisions than are other Christians.

I have spoken of Christians who are sectarians. Let it not be inferred that I regard all sectarians as Christians. Of most sectarians it may be safely affirmed that nothing at all will remain of their religion after you shall have withdrawn from it all the interest, and ambition, and zeal, and strife of sect.

It is often said that Abolitionists ruin the anti-slavery cause by running into political parties. They do. Over and over again have they done so. Over and over again have they suffered the attractions of the Whig and Democratic parties to overcome their sense of duty to the slave. Over and over again have they been seduced, by the prospect of personal advantage, to go with these parties. Over and over again have they allowed themselves to be bewitched and befooled into the belief that these parties (which, if only from being national parties, are necessarily pro-slavery) will work for the slave and deliver him. Well has party been defined to be "the madness of many for the gain of the few." Truly, it is the curse of the world, notwithstanding our great men, both in Church and State, teach that it is essential to the salvation of the world, and that it is especially the life of a republic. In the midst of teachings so pernicious, it cannot be easy to persuade the party man how much superior is the individual man, and how much nobler it is to stand collected, calm and strong in one's self, and to live a self-poised, independent life, than to exchange his individuality for the poor party-frenzied and party-controlled and party-stinted being which party doles out to him in return.

We must not, however, be surprised that this addiction to party is so strong and common among Abolitionists. If Christians set the bad example of indulging a partisan spirit, it is not strange that Abolitionists follow it. If a Christian must band himself with the Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist party, why may not an Abolitionist identify himself with the Democratic, or Whig, or Free Soil party? If a Christian may sink himself in the current of party action (and this is both the theory and practice of party-membership), why may not an Abolitionist do likewise?

You and I lament that so large a share of the Abolitionists have scampered off into the "Know-Nothing party." Well may we lament that they were educated to no higher point than to be guilty of such folly. But, what worse have they done than our poor party-crazy Christians do? I admit that this party is the most bigoted and intolerant of all our political parties. But I deny that it is any more culpable, in this respect, than the Christian sects. Let us compare them.

It is true that the "Know-Nothing party" would shut off men from one of the inherent, most important and most sacred of the rights of men. For such is the right to participate in the choice of the rulers of their country—and that, too, not in twenty-one years from the time of be[illegible] vilege—a mere [illegible] Whether he shall be allowed to exercise it, in a given country, should not turn on the question, whether he was born in that country or has lived in it twenty-one years, or even five years, but solely on the question whether it is *his* country. If it is only *his* country—and every man has the right to make whatever country he will *his* country—then, if he has lived but a single year in it, he is not to be denied a voice in choosing its rulers. This will be acknowledged by all whose eyes are opened to the dignity of man and the sacredness of his rights. The right of suffrage may be called *the right preservative of all rights*. Hence, to deny this right is virtually to deny all rights. To postpone the enjoyment of this right in the case of him who has been our countryman for only a short time, and for no other cause, is exceedingly unreasonable, unjust and cruel. The weaker a man is among his fellows—whether it is because he is poor, or ignorant, or a stranger—the more does he need to wield that right, which is the defence of all his rights.

It is true, too, that the plea of excluding foreigners from the ballot-box on the ground that, being foreigners, they know not how to vote, is the height of disingenuousness and nonsense. If, as is really the case, most of them vote as they should not vote, wherein do they differ, in this respect, from native Americans? The emigrant finds those around him voting for the profane, the intemperate, and the oppressive, and he votes as they do. He will vote right when they vote right

It is often said that foreigners need to reside many years in our country in order to become acquainted with republican institutions. I do not think so. It is derogatory to these institutions to regard them as so artificial, complex and abstruse. They are natural and obvious truths, and, with the help of an honest heart, are readily learned. But, however this may be, it is certain that foreigners need not consume much time to learn how to vote. Voting, like every other of the greatest and most responsible duties of men, is far more heart-work than head-work. "He that ruleth over men must be just"; and this same thing it is which is required of him who votes. An honest regard for the rights of men and the rights of God is the great prompter which is needed at the ballot-box, as well as everywhere else.

I would remark incidentally that, whether a man is entitled to be voted for is quite another question than whether he is entitled to vote. His simple manhood gives him the right to cast a vote, but not to hold office. I must confess, however, that, as my first question in regard to a candidate would be whether he is wise and just, so would it be my last whether he is a foreigner or a native—a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. My experience teaches me that foreigners and natives are about equally good, and that Roman Catholics and Protestants are also about equally good. Or, to speak more correctly, it teaches me that they are all about equally bad.

But I propose to compare the "Know-Nothing party" with the Christian sects; and, hence, I must say a few words respecting the latter. If that party is guilty of excluding men from the common rights of the human brotherhood, so is the Christian sect guilty of excluding Christians from the common rights of the Christian brotherhood. The latter is, surely, no less intolerant, mean and criminal than the former. The Christian sect purposely builds its platform too narrow for all Christians to stand on. The proscription of men by politicians is bad. But the proscription of Christians by Christians is worse; and it warrants the political proscription, so far as a bad example can warrant anything. Oh, when will Christians set a good example, in this respect, before politicians? Mighty would be that good example. The world will be but little afflicted with party politics after Christians shall have been educated to the point of non-sectarianism. The recognition of the rights of the human brotherhood will follow close upon the recognition of the rights of the Christian brotherhood. No difference in condition or complexion will avail to separate men from each other when they shall have seen that Christians allow no dissimilarities between themselves to weaken their love for each other, or turn them away from each other. Nay, does not truth justify the infinitely broader declaration that men will be convinced that Christianity is from heaven—in other words, will be Christians—when they shall see that the divine bond between Christians is indissoluble? "That they all may be one—that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." John xvii: 21.

Let me say, ere leaving the subject of party, that, although I have condemned party in the popular sense of party, I do not condemn every association that is called a party. The association called the "Garrison party" I do not understand to be obnoxious to my complaints of party. That is not an association of persons who are ready to merge the man in the mass, and to yield up his individualism to the direction of party. They are not seeking each his own advantage, by enlisting the influence and power of numbers in behalf of personal interests, and by disguising selfish purposes with professions of public service. It is not an association in which men sell themselves away, in exchange for the poor privilege of becoming members of a party and servants of a party. It is, on the contrary, an association of persons who prefer to remain themselves, and who, therefore, refuse to become the members and servants of party. In a word, such an association is a no-party party. I add that, for the like reasons, the little handful of persons under the name of "Liberty Party" may also be called a no-party party. It is true that mere partisans may come among us and wear our names. But they are only *among* us. They are not *of* us.

I admitted that we have not the class of men adequate to our peculiarly difficult anti-slavery work; and I held the current religion mainly responsible for the lack. I venture the opinion that its being a sectarian religion is enough to justify its condemnation. But there are many other respects in which it is worthy of condemnation. How wickedly false is its low estimate of man! Rich man, intellectual man, learned man, polished man, office-honoured man, it is ever ready to flatter and adore. But mere man it refuses to hold in honour. It affects to believe the Bible. But that blessed book, whilst making no account of the distinctions, however splendid, which fall off at the grave, stamps an infinite value on naked humanity. How idle for those professed Christians who withhold the Bible, and marriage, and parental rights, and filial rights, from millions, and who buy and sell these millions, even as horses and hogs are bought and sold—how idle for such to claim that they believe the Bible? Equally idle, too, is it for them to claim to believe it who vote these millions into the hands of their oppressors, and build negro-pews, and refuse to bury their dead where black men are buried. The sternest slaveholder, on coming to believe the Bible—to believe it with his heart, and to drink in its heavenly and transforming spirit—would immediately relax his grasp, and "let the oppressed go free." Show him in the Bible that the beings whom, but an hour before, he had classed with his cattle are made but "little lower than the angels," and are "crowned with glory and honour," and are destined to outlive the stars, and the amazing and subduing revelation puts an immediate end to all his slaveholding. His heart is broken. He is no longer a tyrant over his fellow-men. He rejoices in being their equal brother.

I cannot refrain from expressing, in this connection, my grief that many Abolitionists have allowed their faith in the Bible to be shaken. The Bible abandoned, and there will remain no sufficient bulwark against oppression. If its great doctrine of the immortality and essential equality of men is lost, what hope can be left for the earthly lot of the poor, and ignorant, and weak? God help them, in their struggle with the rich and cunning and strong, if the belief of a future existence shall be blotted out. Compared with that belief, how feebly does everything else plead for the exhibition of respect and kindness to them, in the present life! So long as men are valued not for that exalted and endless being disclosed by the Bible, and the Bible only, but merely for what they respectively are in this life, so long oppression will abound; for so long the reasons against it must be at least comparatively unimportant and uninfluential. If there is no redress and no existence for men beyond this life, there will be com[illegible] to tax their muscles [illegible] them as we treat other beasts, which perish, is the best use we can put them to. But if, on the other hand, we study the destiny and dignity of man in the pages of the Bible, and see that this life is but the first link in an endless chain of existence—that here man is but in his seminal state, and that eternity is the room for his growth and development—that there he is the oak, and here but the acorn—then shall we feel the sacredness of his rights; and then, both for his own sake and his Maker's sake, we shall have no heart to oppress him. As, therefore, we would ply ourselves and our fellow-men with the highest and most influential motives against slavery, we must cling to the Bible—to that infinitely most instructive and most impressive of all anti-slavery books.

I will advert to but one other of the many evidences of the bad character of the prevailing religion. That religion not only leaves unrebuked the abounding wickedness in politics, but the greatest of that wickedness is not too great for it to consent to practice. That religion is responsible for electing to the Presidency the man who can call on the American people to engage "cheerfully" in the super-devilish work of chasing down fugitives from the hell of slavery. That religion, in a word, is responsible for the pro-slavery action of both our Government and people.

You have been much censured for holding that the anti-slavery cause can reach success only over the ruins of the American Government and American Church. Nevertheless, you are right. The religion which tolerates—nay, sanctifies—slavery must, necessarily, be conquered ere the devotees and dupes of that religion will suffer slavery to be abolished. Again, so long as the actual Government is on the side of slavery, the bloodless abolition of slavery is impracticable. You and I differ on the comparatively unimportant point of the true legal character of the Federal Constitution; but we do not differ in respect to the ineffably guilty character of the Government, which professes to idolize and to obey that paper.

No small proof that American Christianity is not Bible Christianity is to be found in the fact that whilst the latter exacts the full measure of righteousness, as well in political conduct as in all other conduct, the former holds that religion has no jurisdiction of politics, and is an impudent intruder and guilty usurper whenever she mixes herself up with politics. "Preaching politics," or, in other words, insisting on the application of the principles of Christianity to politics, is construed into one of the strongest proofs of infidelity. A man may dabble ever so much in the "dirty waters of politics" and yet be a prime Christian! But how is it possible for him to be anything of a Christian who (although it is for the holy purpose of purifying those waters) can be guilty of dragging down Christianity into them!

And now, I ask whether, in the light of these and other mighty influences which are at work to check and pervert the growth of their manhood, it is at all to be wondered at that the Abolitionists have proved themselves unworthy of their work?—deficient in the wisdom, self-sacrifice, magnanimity, confidence, charity, necessary to achieve an object so great, so arduous, so sublime?

I admit that had the Abolitionists possessed the needed wisdom, they would never have run off to side issues and subordinate issues, with the feeling that their work lay mainly in them; and that to keep Cuba out of the Union, or to maintain, or restore, the Missouri Compromise line, or to do any other such incidental thing, was an essential part of their mission. But they would have seen that the great work to which they were called was to grapple directly with the whole of American slavery; to show no quarter to any part of it; to deny the name and shelter of law to every part of it; and to treat it, wherever found, as the most atrocious piracy which ever defied God or outraged man. Alas, the delusion of the many good men who busy themselves in circumscribing slavery! They bow to its legality, wherever it now exists; and they seem never to suspect that it is owing to such courteous and gratuitous concession that slavery both continues to exist where it now does and, ever and anon, leaps over into new fields. Would they treat any other piracy so respectfully and kindly? Not they. No, not if fifty Governments were to declare it law. Oh, had those able men and cordial haters of slavery—our Sewards, and Giddingses, and Chases, and Sumners—instead of confessing legal obligations in its behalf, scouted the idea of its possible legalization, then would they have left slavery weak indeed—but now have they left it stronger. American slavery was never so strong as it is this

day; and stronger and stronger will it continue to grow, so long as even its enemies honour it as law. Mr. Garrison himself would more than neutralize all he is doing against slavery were he to accord to it the rights of a law, or to regard it, in any part of the earth, as anything better than a piracy and an outlaw.

I referred to the false and comparatively unimportant issues which are made with the Slave Power. No wonder that the stress laid upon them deceives the people, for it deceives even the Abolitionists. During the struggle on the Nebraska bill, even the Abolitionists regarded its opponents as the most trustworthy and effective anti-slavery men; and as to the members of Congress who voted against it, why, the Abolitionists themselves adored them as martyrs. Those members may have been ever so ready to vote for slaveholders and for Fugitive Slave Acts; nevertheless, they were martyrs. To go against the Nebraska bill was the most popular thing they could do. No other thing could have gained them so much political favour and so many votes; nevertheless, they were martyrs. Although the proof which these members of Congress gave of being moved by the spirit of martyrs, in their vote against the Nebraska bill, was about as great as would be furnished by their submission to the necessity of dining on the best of roast beef and plum pudding, nevertheless they were martyrs.

For months, there has been a succession of rejoicings among the Abolitionists—now over the election of this and now over the election of that anti-slavery gentleman to one or the other House of Congress. I am afraid to sympathize with these rejoicings, for I am afraid that these gentlemen will all admit the legality of slavery. Gov. Seward will. Henry Wilson will. And I am afraid that even that old Liberty Party man, Charles Durkee, will. But, is it possible that even he, too, will?

The recent movement, in Vermont and other States, for virtually nullifying the Fugitive Slave Act affords much joy to the Abolitionists, but none to me. That movement is disingenuous, evasive, cowardly. I especially condemn it, because it implies two gross falsehoods: 1st, that there may be a *lawful* slavery, and a *lawful* recapture of fugitive slaves; 2d, that they who are engaged in the movement are prepared to stand by such a slavery and to take part in such recapture.

The Abolitionists have not done shouting over recent judicial proceedings in Wisconsin. But there is nothing in these proceedings to cheer my desponding Abolition heart. It is true that these proceedings deny that the Fugitive Slave Act is constitutional. But they, nevertheless, imply that there might be a *constitutional* Fugitive Slave Act, and that slavery is capable of being invested with the sacredness of law; and, implying this, they but damage, instead of helping, the anti-slavery cause.

Are these Wisconsin Judges honest? They hold (as I am warranted in assuming) that it is lawful and obligatory to replunge into slavery those who escape from it. Suppose Georgia should enact that all who have emigrated from the free States to her soil shall be slaves—and suppose that among those who fly back to the free States before the terrors of this new enactment are children of these Judges—would these Judges hold it lawful and obligatory to return them? If they would, they would prove themselves monsters; and if they would not, they would prove themselves dishonest—dishonest in sparing their own children, whilst giving up other men's children to oppression. But I proceed to apply a still closer test. Not only has Georgia, confessedly, as much constitutional right to make slaves of her whites as of her blacks, but Wisconsin has, confessedly, as much right, in this respect, as Georgia. Now, suppose a pro-slavery Legislature of Wisconsin shall punish these her anti-slavery Judges, by declaring them and their posterity to be slaves. Would these Judges honour the statute, and bow their necks to the yoke of slavery? Not they. They would sooner resist unto death. I admit that this bravery would, on the one hand, be to their credit; but, on the other, it would prove the dishonesty of which they are guilty, in acknowledging the obligations of slave codes when others and not themselves are to suffer from those codes. Men may lack honesty without so much as suspecting that they lack it. Every one lacks it who admits slavery to be law, for every one would refuse to make such admission in the case of himself, were he claimed for its victim. Indeed, this whole question, whether slavery can [illegible] would have others do unto him, cannot fail to deny that slavery is lawful. I add that no code which cannot be honestly administered can be law, and that, hence, no slave-code can be law.

Would the Wisconsin Judges admit that murder can be transmuted into law? How dare they, then, admit that slavery can be? Would they not rather their children were murdered than enslaved?

I admitted that the Abolitionists have shown themselves deficient in the spirit of self-sacrifice. It is true that they have expended millions of dollars in the anti-slavery cause. They have employed thousands of lecturers, and flooded the whole North with their publications. His zeal for the deliverance of the slave has cost this Abolitionist five thousand dollars, and that Abolitionist several times as much, and another Abolitionist ten, ay, twenty times as much. And, what is still more, there are thousands of poor Abolitionists who, in their devotion to this cause, have approached the standard of the woman who "cast in all that she had, even all her living." The pro-slavery newspapers often say that an Abolitionist is too mean to pay anything toward purchasing the liberty of a slave. It is true that there are Abolitionists—very worthy Abolitionists—whose principles will not permit them to join in such a purchase. But multitudes of Abolitionists contribute much in this wise. One has put a thousand dollars, and another five thousand dollars, and another ten thousand dollars into the pockets of slaveholders; and no small share of the Abolitionists have taxed themselves, more or less, to buy their fellow-men from under the yoke of slavery.

Considerable, however, as have been the pecuniary sacrifices of Abolitionists in their cause, they fall far short of the merits of that precious cause. Then, again, it is but a small proportion of them who refuse to purchase the cotton, and sugar, and rice, that are wet with the tears, and sweat, and blood of the slave. And when we count up those who have sealed with their blood their consecration to the anti-slavery cause, we find the whole number to be scarcely half a dozen.

In none of the qualities of the best style of men—and that is the style of men needed to effectuate the bloodless termination of American slavery—have the Abolitionists shown themselves more deficient than in magnanimity, confidence, charity. They have judged neither the slaveholders nor each other generously. Slaveholders are, indeed, great sinners, and we should not hesitate to say so—always remembering, however, when we do say so, that we ourselves are not "without sin." The sin of slaveholding, like many sins of which we ourselves are guilty, is largely attributable to a false education; and the victims of this false education are to be quite as much compassionated as condemned. Great as should ever be my abhorrence of the sin of slaveholding, I am always to temper my judgment of the slaveholder with the thought that my nature is no better than his, and that, had our circumstances been exchanged, he would probably have been the Abolitionist, and I the slaveholder. It is not to be wondered at that most slaveholders have but little and some of them no sense that slaveholding is sin. The South tells them it is not sin; and the North does likewise. The statesmen of the North, as well as of the South, and the clergy of the North, as well as of the South, tell them so.

The quarrels of Abolitionists with each other, and their jealousy and abuse of each other, would be far less had they more more magnanimity, confidence, charity. Many of them delight in casting each other down, rather than in building each other up. Complain of each other they must; and when there is no occasion for complaint, their ill-natured ingenuity can manufacture an occasion out of the very smallest materials. Were even you, whose trueness to the slave is never to be doubted, to be sent to Congress, many of your Abolition brethren would be upon the alert to find some occasion for calling your integrity in question. And they would find it, if in nothing else than in your gentlemanly bearing toward your fellow-members. Again, as you are a very radical Abolitionist, the political press would take great delight in misrepresenting and caricaturing your Congressional life, and all the more because the Abolitionists, having so little confidence in each other, and being very credulous and very silly, are eager to be fed in this wise. Slander, like corn and cheese, obeys the laws of trade; and the supply of it will always be proportioned to the demand for it.

On all questions connected with the abolition of slavery, Abolitionists are slow to tolerate a difference of opinion. For instance, some of them believe that the Federal Constitution is pro-slavery, and others that it is anti-slavery; and this honest difference of opinion is ground enough for their saying the hardest things of each other. I have myself (if I may be pardoned an allusion to myself) been made the victim of this intolerance. So it was that I had long held that Cuba, geographically and commercially, belonged to us, and should, therefore, be made a part of our nation. So it was, too, that I said this on the floor of Congress. For having dared to say it, the Abolition crew instantly threw me overboard. This was my fate, because the Abolitionists held that the annexation of Cuba would strengthen slavery. In vain was my plea that I held the contrary. My doom was fixed. I was unprincipled and pro-slavery; and overboard I had to go. Of course, I admitted the liberty of the Abolitionists to show the unsoundness of my opinions. But this admission was not enough to pacify them. I had no right to hold opinions which the Abolitionists do not hold. Then, again, I am charged with gross inconsistency for being in favour of the annexation of Cuba, whilst I am so frequently presenting as an evidence of the desperate pro-slavery wickedness of this nation its grasping after that island. The logic here is, that if I wish to get a dramshop into my hands, although it is for the purpose of transforming it into the abode of temperance and every other virtue, I stand on the same level with him who would get it for the purpose of making it still more a dramshop, and still more the resort and nurse of wickedness.

Since I am on the subject of Cuba, I cannot forbear saying how exceedingly anxious I am, as an Abolitionist, for her annexation to this country. Indeed, my best hope of the abolition of American slavery, since my hope of it at the hands of Abolitionists began to give place to despair, has been in such annexation.

The type of slavery in Cuba is, in some respects, more terrible than in any other part of the world. The family relation which elsewhere softens the horrors of slavery is, to a great extent, unknown among the slaves of Cuba. The breeding of our own slaves is an alleviating feature in our slavery; and slavery is light in the breeding States compared with what it is in the other States. Plantation after plantation in Cuba has hundreds of males, and scarcely one female. The condition and character of the labourers on such plantations are, therefore, as brutal as they well can be. Again, so severe is the treatment of the Cuban slaves that they die under it in a few years. The slaves of our own country live, on an average, more than thirty years. The slaves of Cuba much less than half that time; and, hence, as I pity them, I would have Cuba annexed. I would have her annexed, too, as I pity Africa, who is every year robbed of thousands of her children to supply the murderous waste of life in Cuba. But more than all do I desire the annexation because I believe it will contribute mightily to the overthrow of the whole system of American slavery.

1. It will change Spain into an anti-slavery nation; and, then, not only will she be arrayed against American slavery, but other nations—especially France and England—disembarrassed by her change, will be far more cordially and effectively arrayed against it than they have hitherto been.

2. The Spanish troops that now uphold slavery in Cuba will then be recalled; and the creole population, of more than half a million, will then be the dependence for maintaining slavery. But that population, never having possessed political power, and, therefore, ignorant how to use it, having strong sympathies with the quarter of a million of free blacks, both from being legally intermarried with them to a considerable extent, and from having but little more intelligence (for the free blacks have schools), and also from other causes, would be but a poor dependence for maintaining slavery. Indeed, where have Spanish creoles proved their readiness and ability to uphold slavery? Certainly not in Mexico and the South American States. There they proved themselves to be Abolitionists, after they had escaped from the control of the Spaniards. The truth is, that the Spanish creoles are too nearly on a level with the free blacks, in point of circumstances and intelligence, and, therefore, of power to be relied on to uphold slavery. There must, in some important respects, be a wide space between masters and slaves, or the slaves cannot be kept in subjection.

3. Cuban slavery is so different a thing from American slavery, that it cannot coëxist with it unless brought into conformity with it. But to attempt the conformity would be most strongly [illegible] The Cuban slave has [illegible] Government to fix his price, in case of disagreement on that point. He has the legal right to buy himself—to buy himself all at [illegible] parts—a quarter at one time, and a half at another—as is most convenient for him. Then, again, if the slave-mother shall pay a small sum (I believe but twenty-five dollars) before the birth of her child, the child shall be free. Now, will the slaves, will the free blacks, will the creoles, suffer these merciful features to be expunged from the system of Cuban slavery? Certainly not, until much blood has been spilt. I add, will the free blacks suffer their schools to be closed?—for the closing of them will be an indispensable part of the conformity of Cuban slavery to American slavery.

4. But it will be said that if a standing army of twenty or thirty thousand Spanish troops can maintain slavery in Cuba, so, also, can a no greater standing American army maintain it there. A several times greater army than this will be required to sustain the attempt to impart to Cuban slavery the absolute character of our slavery. Arouse the hostility of the free blacks, among whom are men of genius and education; combine with them the nearly half million of slaves, the very large majority of whom are from Africa, and are as barbarous as when they left her shores; and the victory to be achieved by our standing army would be no easy one. A bloody grave for slavery did these classes of men dig in St. Domingo; and a no less bloody one may they dig for slavery in Cuba. Moreover, that grave may be capacious enough for the whole of American slavery. Let our infatuated Slave Power get Cuba if it can. I greatly mistake if, when she shall have added these new elements to our population, she does not find that she has got more than she contracted for. Ere leaving this head, I will say that to propose, in the event of the annexation of Cuba, a standing army for the maintenance of her slavery, is sheer nonsense. The days of our slavery, if not, indeed, of our republic, will be numbered whenever we shall adopt the policy of a standing army for upholding slavery.

5. Havana is Cuba as emphatically as Paris is France. Admit that quietness—although, by the way, it is an ever fearful and anxious quietness—is maintained there. We should, nevertheless, remember that it is maintained only by means of such a strict and stern police, and such an iron despotism, as would be impossible amidst the institutions and influences of our republic. Impose only republican restraints upon Havana, and anarchy would quickly spread through her and through the island.

6. Let it not be said that because the slaves of Louisiana and Florida passed quietly into our political jurisdiction, the slaves of Cuba will also. Not to speak of essential differences in their circumstances, the former slaves were but a handful compared with the latter.

I say no more of the annexation of Cuba. Whilst I hope that it would help work the overthrow of slavery without violence, I am confident that it would help work it in some way.

But I must bring my very long letter to a close. The Abolitionists have laboured in vain—and yet not in vain. They were the best men in the land—and yet the noblest virtues were not as ripe in them as was needful for the success of their undertaking. But they have prepared the way for higher attainments in their successors; and the work which they were themselves incapable of accomplishing, these successors (if not anticipated by the hand of violence) will accomplish. It is but too probable, however, that American slavery will have expired in blood before the men shall have arisen who are capable of bringing it to a voluntary termination.

But, notwithstanding we have failed, and will, in all probability, continue to fail, to accomplish our great work, we, nevertheless, cannot abandon it. We must persevere in it, if only to save our own souls. Moreover, dark as are the signs of the times, who can certainly say that God will not give us—even us, in all our unworthiness—the victory over slavery? And, then, amid all these dark signs, there are a few bright ones. As I have already shown, I do not number among these bright ones the recent election of so many anti-slavery members of Congress. For these members are pro-slavery as well as anti-slavery. If they go against new slavery, nevertheless they stand up by old slavery. And so is it with those who elected them—with those stony-ground Abolitionists, who make up these sudden and immense majorities in Ohio and other States, but who, having no root in themselves, will endure but for a little while—for but one or, at the most, for but two elections. At least half of these majorities will, by the next election, have gone back again to the naked pro-slavery side. Oh no, there is no bright sign here! But it is a bright sign that, in spite of all seductive influences, a few still adhere to the American Anti-Slavery Society and to the Liberty Party. Could I hear, this day, of the recent accession to either of even no more than one hundred brave, and earnest, and noble souls, my hope for a Christian and peaceful end to slavery would again revive.

Nor, as I have already shown, do I number among the bright signs of the times those recent judicial proceedings in Wisconsin which have made the Abolitionists so glad. But I am frank to say, that I do number among them the heroic conduct of dear Booth and his associates. They knew no law for slavery; and, therefore, they yielded themselves to the law of humanity and delivered the slave Glover. This treatment of the pretensions of slavery, and the similar treatment of them in the rescue of Jerry at Syracuse, are worth more to the cause of truth and freedom than the election of ten thousand Senators who acquiesce in existing slavery, and fight against that only which is prospective or fanciful.

It is often said that such popular movements as delivered Glover and Jerry exasperate the slaveholder. They may, for the moment. But in the end, they make their lodgment in his conscience, and spread convictions of their justice through his soul. Every thoughtful slaveholder knows they are right—for he knows that they are what he would desire were he in the distress from which poor Jerry and poor Glover were so mercifully delivered. The slaveholder sees the honesty and feels the power of such an act as that which immortalizes the brave Booth; for that every slaveholder knows that slavery is not law, is, as I have substantially said, in a former part of this letter, manifest from the fact that he knows that he would not honour it as law were he himself so unfortunate as to be reduced to slavery. Again, that every slaveholder respects an honest and consistent Abolitionist is manifest from the fact that every slaveholder is at heart an Abolitionist. The biggest slaveholder, only attempt to make a slave of him, will loom up into the biggest Abolitionist. Every man is an Abolitionist for himself; and this proves that every man is an Abolitionist.

Would that all Abolitionists were like the rescuers of Jerry and Glover! Then would slaveholders quickly be brought to believe in the sincerity of Abolitionists and in the duty of abolition. It is no wonder that slaveholders despise both us and our cause. Our cowardice, and vacillation, and innumerable follies, have, almost necessarily, made both us and it contemptible. The way for us to bring slaveholders right on slavery is to be right on it ourselves. The way for us to command the respect, ay, to win the love, of slaveholders is to act honestly in regard to slavery and to all things else. But do I mean to say that slaveholders can be brought to love Abolitionists? Oh yes!—and I add, that Abolitionists should love slaveholders. We are all brothers; and we are all sinners too; and the difference between ourselves, as sinners, is not so great as, in our prejudice on the one hand and our self-complacency on the other, we are wont to imagine it to be.

With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

ANTI-SLAVERY SALE,

At Messrs. Hennessy's Rooms, 15 Winter street, to continue through the 14th, 15th and 16th of March.

THE Managers of the recent National Anti-Slavery Bazaar beg leave to announce that the Boxes which were delayed, owing to the withdrawal of the Cunard steamships, have arrived, and will be offered for sale at the above mentioned place and time.

They contain very large and beautiful collections from Edinburgh, Perth, London, Leigh, Bolton and other places. It will be unnecessary to enter upon any particular enumeration of the articles; we will simply assure our friends that they equal, in value and elegance, any former contributions from the same sources.

We will mention a few articles not to be found [illegible] ever offered for sale in this country. Garden chairs, satin-wood reading stand, free labour gingham, low-priced [illegible] and white Scotch scarfs and plaids. An exquisite engraving, the Introduction of Christianity into Britain, Centennial Meeting of the Methodists, very valuable autographs, including those of Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, Rogers, Macaulay, Sir David Brewster, Aytoun, James Montgomery and other distinguished persons.

The sale will open on Wednesday morning, the 14th, at 10 o'clock, and will continue through that and the two following days, but will not remain open during the evenings.

The remonstrance from Scotland, signed by ministers on behalf of 40,000 remonstrants against American Slavery, will be offered for exhibition. The autograph signatures are valuable and interesting.

On behalf of the Managers, A. W. WESTON.

WHO FRAMED THE ORDINANCE OF '87?

THIS has long been a disputed question among American politicians and statesmen, some (Gov. Coles, of Illinois, among the number) claiming the honour for JEFFERSON, and others, with equal confidence, affirming that it belongs to NATHAN DANE, of Massachusetts. The point is at length settled, we think, upon testimony that cannot be impeached. CHARLES KING, Esq., President of Columbia College, has published in the *Tribune* a minute history of the Ordinance, prepared by him, two years ago, as part of a work, upon which he has been for some time engaged, on the *Life and Correspondence* of his father, the late Hon. RUFUS KING. Mr. King's aim is, in giving a true history, from original letters in his possession, and from the Journals of Congress, of this Ordinance, to vindicate the share in its preparation that belonged to his father; but in doing so, he shows, by evidence never before published, that the immortal document was drawn by NATHAN DANE. The narrative is thorough, comprehending the origin, progress and final adoption of the Ordinance, and, as nearly as possible, assigning to individuals and to States the due share of each in framing and completing the perfect whole. We have not space for the whole paper, so carefully and impartially prepared by Mr. King, but we will present its most important features.

On the 23d of April, 1784, in the Congress of the Confederation, a Plan for the Temporary Government of the Western Territory was submitted by a Committee consisting of Mr. Jefferson, of Va., Mr. Chase, of Md., and Mr. Howel, of R. I. The original draft contained this remarkable paragraph, numbered 5, in the articles that were to be in the nature of a compact, "That, after the year "1800 of the Christian Era, there shall be neither "slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the "said States, otherwise than in punishment of "crimes whereof the party shall have been con-"victed to have been personally guilty." On the 19th of April, Congress having the report under consideration, this paragraph was struck out, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania voting that it should stand, and Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina that it should be struck out. Under the Confederation, a majority of the whole thirteen States—*seven*—was requisite to the success of any motion, and the mode of putting the question was in this wise: "Shall the words moved to be stricken out stand?" New Jersey had but one Representative present, and he voted *yea*, but the Articles of Confederation required the presence of at least two delegates from a State to entitle it to a vote. So New Jersey, from the non-attendance of her other delegates, lost the opportunity of recording her voice in favour of prospective Freedom. North Carolina was divided—one of her delegates voting *yea*, and the other *nay*. Mr. Jefferson, the framer of the paragraph, voted *yea*, but was overborne by his colleagues. Those parts of the Ordinance, not relating to slavery, were adopted. The original report, in the hand-writing, apparently, of Mr. Jefferson, is now in the archives of the State Department. After this—to wit, on the 7th of May, 1784—Jefferson was appointed Minister to France, and did not return to the United States until after the adoption of the new Constitution in 1789. This, therefore, would seem to be the whole of his connection with the Ordinance for the government of the Western Territory, and is the sole basis upon which the credit is claimed for him of being the author of the Ordinance of '87, which was originated, discussed, matured, adopted and promulgated while he was in France, and without, so far as appears, any consultation on any side with him.

On the 16th of March, 1785, Congress having under consideration an Ordinance for ascertaining the mode of locating and disposing of lands in the Western Territory, a motion was made by Rufus King, seconded by Mr. Ellery, of Rhode Island, that the following proposition be committed: "That there shall be neither slavery nor involun-"tary servitude in any of the States described by "the resolve of Congress of 23d April, 1784, other-"wise than in punishment of crime, whereof the "party shall have been personally guilty, and "that this regulation shall be an article of com-"pact and remain a fundamental principle of the "Constitution between the thirteen original States, "and each of the States described in the said re-"solve of 23d April, 1784." The motion to commit prevailed—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, voting *aye;* Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia voting *no*. Georgia, however, had only one Representative present, and her vote was, therefore, lost, and Delaware was unrepresented wholly. Of the motion thus committed, the Journals of Congress, most imperfectly kept, give no subsequent account, neither does any contemporary authority which Mr. King has been able to consult. On the 20th of May, however, an Ordinance, differing somewhat from that under consideration in March, but relating wholly to the public lands, was adopted. It seems reasonable to conclude that Rufus King forbore to press his amendment, on the ground that it was not germane, the Ordinance under consideration relating merely to the disposition of the public lands, and not being designed to prescribe rules of *government*. That amendment, however, was in advance of the proposition made by Jefferson, in that it proposed to prevent slavery from entering the Territory at all, instead of admitting it for a few years and excluding it afterwards.

The subject of a Government for the Western Territory was again introduced in September, 1786, but nothing was done. Under date of July, 11, 1787, Mr. King found an entry on the journal to the effect that the Committee, consisting of Mr. Carrington, Mr. Dane, Mr. R. H. Lee, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Smith, to whom was referred the report of a Committee touching the temporary government of the Western Territories, reported an Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States north-west of the River Ohio, which was read a first time, and ordered for a second reading next day. There is no previous notice in the journal of the reference of this subject to a Committee, but it seems reasonable to assume that the report thus referred was one which had been under debate on 9th May, and the Ordinance accompanying which was then ordered to be transcribed for a third reading next day; however that be, the Ordinance read a first time on the 11th was read a second time on the 12th, and on the 13th was adopted by the unanimous vote of all the States present, eight in number, viz.: Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and of every member save Mr. Yates, of N. Y., and, so far as appears from the journal, without any debate, or attempt to amend or change it, and this was the famous *Ordinance of* '87, the great *charter of freedom* for the great North-Western Territory, now composing, with additions since obtained [illegible] have taken place before it was recommitted to Mr. Carrington's Committee, of which Mr. Dane was a member; for, after the report of it back again by this Committee, no debate was had—the Ordinance had its three separate readings on three successive days; of course, therefore, all the details and all the principles had been settled before, and during previous discussion. Mr. Jefferson, for whom the chief merit of this Ordinance is claimed, was not in the House nor in the country during this discussion.

The proof that the Ordinance was drafted by Nathan Dane is in a letter addressed by him, July 16, 1787, to Rufus King, the original of which is in possession of Mr. Charles King, and which was published for the first time in the paper now before us. The letter need not be reproduced here. It is enough to say that it was written only three days after the passage of the famous Ordinance, and that the writer uses these words: "When I "drew the Ordinance (which passed, a few words "excepted, *as I originally formed it*), I had no idea "the States would agree to the sixth article, pro-"hibiting slavery, as only Massachusetts, of the "Eastern States, was present, and therefore omit-"ted it in the draft; but, finding the House "favourably disposed on this subject, after we "had completed the other parts, I moved the arti-"cle, which was agreed to without opposition." No doubt, therefore, can now be entertained that Mr. Dane did frame the Ordinance throughout; that it was he who directed the mode of presenting it to the House and carrying it through all its stages. Mr. King offers evidence, however, which shows very clearly that Mr. Dane adopted suggestions previously made by his father. The Proviso relating to slavery was like that proposed by Rufus King, in 1785, as above recited, in that it was *immediate* in its operation. It was, moreover, in the identical words offered by Mr. King, 16th of March '85, except that his proviso reached to all the territory embraced in Mr. Jefferson's resolutions of April, '84, while that of the Ordinance was restricted (necessarily, perhaps) to the precise territory which that Ordinance was framed to govern. In other respects, the language is identical, changing only the words "shall have been personally guilty," as used by Mr. King, to "shall have been duly convicted" in the Ordinance. Mr. Dane nowhere appears on the record to have made any motion himself in Congress, on the subject of slavery, and, therefore, finding that of Mr. King in the journals, and having it urged upon his attention, doubtless, by Mr. K. himself, he adopted it as his own.

CASE OF JUDGE LORING.—The final hearing before the Committee on Federal Relations of the Massachusetts Legislature, upon the question of removing from his Judgeship the kidnapper of Burns, took place on Tuesday. Theodore Parker spoke eloquently in behalf of the petitioners, and was followed by Richard H. Dana, Jr., who argued against the removal for upwards of three hours. He was replied to by Wendell Phillips, briefly, but with great force and effect.

The argument of Mr. Phillips in favour of the Removal, delivered at a previous hearing, appeared in the *Liberator* of last week, filling fifteen columns. It has also been issued in pamphlet form. We have read it with care, and do not hesite to say that it is as convincing and unanswerable in its logic as it is admirable in eloquence and sublime in its moral tone. The crowded state of our columns, however, will not permit us to copy it.

THE BURNS RENDITION CASES.—In the United States Circuit Court, in Boston, on Monday morning, agreeably to assignment, the several cases against Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and others, for alleged participancy in the Burns rendition excitement, in May last, were taken up, and assigned for Tuesday, the 3d of April next, when it is expected the engagements of Judges Curtis and Sprague will allow them to hold the Court.

ANTHONY BURNS A FREEMAN.

THE person of the returned slave, Anthony Burns, having been purchased, through the instrumentality of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Grimes, of Boston, for the sum of $1,300, some of the friends of Human Freedom assembled, on Friday night last, in the Rev. Dr. Pennington's Church, to give the *man* a welcome back to Freedom.

Anthony is a man of medium height, with an honest and subdued expression on his face. His colour is a warm brown; his forehead is high, and but slightly retreating; eyes large and at times full of fun; but, on the whole, he is a serious-looking man. On his left cheek, a broad dark scar is visible. He is a man of powerful frame, and, had a fair opportunity offered, he would have stood up stoutly for his liberty. When he speaks, his voice is firm, deep and sonorous, and pretty well modulated in its expression.

The Rev. Dr. Pennington briefly stated the object of the meeting, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Raymond. Dr. Pennington then introduced the returned Fugitive as "*the last Victim of the Fugitive Slave law in Boston*," and incidentally remarked that the next one would probably be his judge [Loring] (applause).

ANTHONY BURNS quietly divested himself of his overcoat, and then, bowing to the audience, said:

KIND FRIENDS: I am very glad to have it to say, I am very glad to have it to *feel*, that I am once more in the land of Liberty; that I am with those who are friends indeed; those, too, who have daily, in the morning and at midnight, mourned for those who are now oppressed in far-off countries! Yes, I hope you have been making prayers, and shedding many tears, and offering up much supplication to God that he might cause me to be delivered from bondage. I am glad, I say, to be in the land of Liberty, that I am now able to say *my soul is my own* (applause). I want to give you, this evening, a slight history of my journey to Virginia, after I was taken from Boston, and before that time. When I was about ten years old, being unacquainted with God and with Christ, truly I cared not much whither I went to, until it came so that God and Christ struck me with humble conviction, and created within me a new heart. Then I came to feel the necessity of both *soul and body being free* (applause). I had heard for many years of a North country, where no man dared to put his hand upon men of my colour and say "you are my property." As I grew, this feeling grew within me, till I came to a resolution, saying "I will, if God supports me, endeavour to reach that land" (applause). Well, meeting with a golden opportunity, as it were, last year, I took it upon myself that I would pay this visit (applause and laughter), and I came into the land of Boston, hearing that it was a benevolent city, where charity flowed. When I got there, truly I did not make myself known as I ought; but being as many of us is, I did n't want to say I was a fugitive slave. At least, you know that I might, thinking I was telling a friend who I was, be telling a foe, and he might lay violent hands upon me. I kept it to myself, and, after a little while, about a month or so, when I got into business, and thought I would try and strive for myself, as I never had an opportunity of doing before. Well then, as I was trying to do a little for my body and soul, behold the thieves came and laid hands upon me. I was going up, one night, to the dwelling where I lived, and I heard some person running and shouting, but I did n't mind it, as I thought it might be some rowdy chaps, as they are in cities; when he cried out, "stop old fellow," and, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said "you are the fellow that broke into the silversmith's shop last night." I said, "Sir, you are mistaken." He told me the name of the street; I said I had never been there. "But you must come along; and if you are not the one we want," he said, "we will let you go." Before I could make a movement, I found that there were not one, but some six or seven of them, and I was almost carried off my feet. The next place [illegible] they set me down in a chair, waiting for the "silversmith" to come in. I waited for about, as I suppose, the space of an hour, when, as I hadn't had any supper, and felt kind of hungry, I asked them if they wouldn't let me go home? And they said no. I began to consider what was the difficulty. About half an hour afterwards, I heard some one walking along the passage, and then somebody opened the door. He didn't open it like an honest man, but seemed to be afraid some one would see him. He opened the door, and walked in, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Burns?" And then I saw that the hunters had caught their game. I used no resistance, and, if I had, it would have availed nought against all of them. It came into my mind to disown him, but then something about the conduct of Christ came to my mind, too, and so I determined, rather than falsify myself, to submit, like a sheep under the shearer, or a lamb under the slaughter, depending on God to arrange the matter. So I called him, as we do down in Virginia, "master." He asked me if I thought he would have any difficulty in taking me back to Virginia. I was brought to kind of a stand, dumb like, but I said "I don't know." He then said how much money he had given me, and asked if I did not remember how kind he had been. "Oh, yes," I said, "I recollect you used to give me 12 1-2 cents at the end of every year that I worked for you." I thought it would be a poor business at the North that would n't turn me in more than that. He went out and I saw him no more that night, and you may imagine I did n't eat nor sleep that night, and what my feelings were I can't tell.

Well, next morning, they told me my master had said I was his, and he had got all the papers to prove it. They put on bracelets, and took me down to the Court-room; not such bracelets as you wear, ladies, of silver and gold, but iron, yes, steel, that cut into the wrists, and [exhibiting his wrists] here are the scars they have left. Well, the lawyers insisted upon me that I should have counsel, though, as I had called the man "master," I told them that I could see no good in it. I considered that the words which I first spoke had ruined me; therefore, I said unto my friends, "There is no use—I don't see whereby any good can be done, except through Almighty God"—for I could n't tell a falsehood even to save my liberty. Well, they insisted upon me, and at last I consented to it, although it profited me nothing. And they tried me, and what a brave sight! I, a poor fugitive, was surrounded by a body-guard of 200 men, all armed with their big horse-pistols and cutlasses (groans), some of 'em lying upon the table and some of 'em in their hands, to the number of full 200, I should think. Some of 'em says to me, "Burns, don't you have anything to do with them d—d sons of b—s of Abolitionists"—meaning thereby lawyers Dana, Ellis, Phillips, and the others—"they don't care anything for you, and won't do you any good." I said that "they were the only men who worked for my freedom, and if they failed, it was not to their blame." Well, next morning, a paper came up and I read in it that they said I had expressed a wish to go back to Virginia; that I wanted to go back very much. Now, Satan himself, if he had come up out of the pit upon the earth, could not have told a bigger lie. Now, I want to ask you, white or black, who of you wants to go into a den of roaring lions? who wants to go into slavery? Do any of you? (No! no!) Who that has had, as I have, the blood trickling down my back, from my neck to my heels, from the deep gashes of the cow-skin, would want to go back there, and beg to be taken back? They give a man 500 lashes for insulting them; how many would they give if a man made them mad? Who wants to be in that position? Is there any man here who holds with that? (No, no.) This is the position to which we are fettered in the South. Well, I was carried down to the Revenue Cutter from the Court-House in a delightful manner. I was quite the lion, the wonderful Burns; I saw they had got the military from all parts of the State, as a guard of honour. There were soldiers before, and soldiers behind, and one at each side of me, with pistols and drawn swords. Some said, "Burns, we have overcome your friends, the Abolitionists, but we will buy you, and bring you back; we have got the money, and your master said he would let us have you." I said, "Gentlemen, if so be as you think you're a-fooling me, you won't do it, for I don't believe you will ever bring me back." And I was not mistaken. I wasn't a-going to believe them. On my way to Norfolk, they still fed me with fine fancies, and said they wan't a-going to put me in prison, and all that; but as soon as I touched the wharf at Norfolk, I was braceletted and put in jail. Some of them said, "we have got Burns, the lion, now." And, as I walked a little stiff, from having had no exercise on the ship, one of them said to me, "Come, now, walk up, walk up, step up, *damn it!* you ain't in Boston now!" Of course, I knew that; and as it would have been no use to say anything there, I mended my steps. I was put into the City Prison, with my bracelets on. I asked for food, and they told me no preparation had been made for my reception. I had no seat, so I had to sit down on the dirty floor, which did not look as if it had been swept once in nine months. For two days and nights, I did not eat above six mouthfuls; and then, about three o'clock in the morning, they came and took me, in a cab, to the wharf, and put me on board the steamer Jamestown for Richmond. When they got me to Richmond, I was put, handcuffs and all, into an omnibus—a great honour, you see, for "niggers" are not permitted to ride in omnibuses there. I was conveyed to the City Prison, where I was kept for a week. Here I was not only handcuffed, but irons were put upon my ancles, so close together that I could scarcely move my feet, and so tight that the flesh grew over them. At the end of that time, they transferred me to the Traders' Jail, on the other side of the street, where they put me into a pen, about big enough for a little dog. Here they kept me for four long months, without once allowing me to leave it. The irons were so tight that I thought they would wear through my bones. When I would lie down, I had to fall on to the floor, for I had no other means of lying down, on account of the tightness of my bonds; and when I got up, it was only by the aid of a broken chair, which I dragged along to me, and upon which I would rest my elbows and raise myself up. I did not have enough to eat; and as for water, why, that was given me, a half a bucketful at a time, once in every other two days, and that in August; and when I went to drink it, 'twas so hot I thought 'twould scald my eyes out. How many times I strained my eyes towards the North! Many a time did I lift up my voice to God, that he would deliver me—as he did Daniel and the old Prophets—from this den of lions. At the end of these four months, they took me down into the sales-room, and, after some two or three hundred persons had looked at me, they put me up on the block to sell me, and, as I stood on the block, one man said [imitating voice and gestures]—"Darn me, he's a good-looking 'nigger.' If I had him, he would be worth $1,400 or $1,500." "Yes," says another, "if he had never been to Bosting and got tainted. Why, he'd make 75 barrels of corn for himself." Another old loafer, who looked as though he'd only got a ninepence in his pocket to buy him a glass of bad rum, said, "Look-a-here, nigger, if I had yer on my place, I put you whar yer couldn't get to Boston again in a hurry." And I thought, if I had a-been on his place, *I'd a-ground him to powder;* I'd mashed him to a mummy first (applause). Still another would say, "This is the great lion, Burns. Eh, Burns, are you the lion?" One would ask me about the North, and I told him it was a place where men of my colour could walk the streets without being afraid of insult, or getting knocked down. That was saucy, and he said, "What! not knock a 'nigger' down? Here, take this fellow [illegible] such a pitch that I [illegible]." And then [illegible] believe they would have flogged me, only the auctioneer was interested in keeping my skin as free from bruises as he could, because, if I didn't look well, I would not fetch him so much by a good many dollars. At length they got a bid of $25, at which they kept for full three-quarters of an hour, plenty saying they'd like to have me, only I would be telling their "niggers" about the North, and get 'em all to run away. At last, I was knocked down for $905.

The man who bought me wanted me to swear, before God and man, that I would serve him as a slave and be very submissive. I said, "Sir, I belong to you; truly, you can whip me to death if you please—but I cannot make any pledges before God. If you take me home and treat me as a man ought to be treated, I will try to do all I can," and my meaning was while I stayed with him. For I was bent on once more seeing Boston or Canada (laughter and applause). He put me in prison again, and I was one day let down to walk in the yard, but I was quickly put back again, because, as I had been at the North, I would be talking with the other "niggers" and tainting them with Abolitionism, and set them into the notion of running away too. David McDonald, of North Carolina, was the man to whom I was sold. He took me from the jail in a hack—a great thing, you know, sitting back in a carriage (laughter), a "nigger" don't often ride in a carriage, you know—that was in style! When I left Richmond, one man says, "tell 'em in North Carolina that the people at the North are starving, and that's a fact, you know, Burns." When I got to North Carolina, I found another hack waiting for me—very fine indeed—something big. My master began to talk to me and tell me that he looked at the heart of a man, not at his skin—I had got a white heart, and so he did n't look on me as a "nigger," by no manner of means. He just wanted me to drive him and his wife out, and I was to sleep in a little office among the inferior white folks, who worked on his place, and he would give me money whenever I wanted it. He wanted me to come and tell him whenever I saw anything wrong in the other "niggers"—but I was not to mix in with them, nor make free with them. I went into the little office, and there was no bed, so I went to my master, and asked for one; he sent me to the cook for a blanket—and that was all I got to sleep on. When I had been with this man about a month, I went and told him he had promised to give me whatever money I wanted, and I should, if he pleased, like a little change. And what do you think he gave me—six cents (great laughter). I touched my beaver respectfully, and went off. I was determined to pay one more visit North, and so I wrote to my friends, and I *would have come* if I had had to wade through blood to my neck. I wrote this to Boston, but I don't know if any answer was ever sent to that. I wrote that the only way to escape from bondage was by a general uprising of the slaves, and I would have been willing to lead them, as their captain, to Death or Freedom (great applause).

[Being admonished of the lapse of time, by his friend Grimes,] he said, in conclusion—Kind friends, I thank you for your kind attention, and if you will remember me, and consider how I came up, and I hope you will pray to God to endow me with wisdom, that I may, as a freeman, come to something profitable (much applause).

The Rev. Mr. GRIMES was then introduced. He said that he had endeavoured to obtain the liberty of Anthony, while in Boston, and had got the money, and the man was promised to him, when his owner demanded $300 more, and finally said he would not sell him in Boston at any price. He attributed this failure altogether to Loring. A lady friend hearing of Burns's whereabouts lately, a letter was sent to McDonald, who replied that he would sell Anthony for $1,300, although he could get $1,500 or $1,600 in the neighbourhood for him, but that Anthony was a good honest fellow, who earnestly desired his freedom, and, if we would pay him that sum, we should have him. We wrote on a letter of acceptance, and Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, was settled upon as the place for our meeting. I then went around among the "law and order" men who had promised to aid in purchasing Burns, and from them and others I raised $700; I then got the other $600 upon my note, and that is the way the sum was made up. Among the contributors were the United States Marshal; Curtis gave $100, a pledge for which I held in my possession, so that he could not back out. Hallett also contributed, and I heard that Loring said he wanted to, but not a penny of his money would I touch. Well, I went on to Baltimore, and met Mr. McDonald, who frankly owned up his business to be that of a regular slave-trader. He executed a deed of sale, and gave me a bond, and I handed him the $1,300, together with $25, the cost of bringing him to Baltimore. He told me that it was with much difficulty that he got Anthony out of the State, and, while on the boat, so much were some Southerners opposed to his return to the North, that they wanted to force him (Mr. McDonald) into selling Burns to them; but he "refused, and stood for two hours on the deck of the boat, expecting to have to shoot one or other of them." Mr. Barnum, of Barnum's Hotel, became security for my safe transit through the State, and here we are, on our way to Boston (applause).

After taking up a collection, the meeting dispersed.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE OLD SARATOGA AND WASHINGTON COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.

THE meeting was called to order by the President, HIRAM CORLIS, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 16th of Feb., a goodly number being present for the first morning session. The Secretary having deceased since their last Anniversary, J. Wilder was chosen for the office during the Convention.

A Business Committee was appointed, consisting of the following persons: Rev. Mr. Shattuck, Hannah Lamb, Aaron Powell, John Wilbur, Lydia Wilbur, Amy Corlis.

A Committee on resolutions consisted of Hiram Corlis, J. Wildee, Esther Wilbur, Leonard Gibbs, Eliza J. Tobey and Rev. Mr. Wetherspoon.

Committee on Finance, Emma L. Wildee, Job Wilbur.

Committee on Nominations, Francis Tobey, J. Benson, Mrs. Robertson, Charles G. Heveland, Phebe Thomas and Horace Beaghm.

An announcement was made that Charles C. Burleigh, who was expected at the Convention, would probably not be present, on account of the sickness of his brother, and was received with marked disappointment and deep regret.

A. M. Powell read a letter from a distinguished friend of the slave, which was sent to a friend in the village, but whose name it was thought not best to make public.* These must be degenerate times, when a man, animated by the true and noble principles of philanthropy, dare not publish his name, with his noble and Christ-like deeds of benevolence, in a land which so often boasts of its liberty of speech and of the press; but so it is. The following is an extract from his letter:

"I am now in my 67th year. Forty-nine years ago, I enlisted in the cause of the slave, according to my ability, and then joined the old Abolition Society of Philadelphia. Thirty-three years ago, I removed to Delaware, and at once joined a small Society then in existence in this place. Soon after, they, as a body, became defunct. I was, at the time of the last meeting, one of the Vigilance Committee. For seven years thereafter, I signed letters, as formerly, as a member of an active committee of the Society. I carried several cases in this and other slave States to Court, at my own expense, and never lost but one case, where the freedom of a slave was at stake. It cost me, several years in succession, from $200 to $300 in [illegible] a great deal of time. I was never rich, but never had cause to regret the course I had taken. I assisted Lundy with his paper before Garrison joined him at Baltimore. I have taken the *Liberator* from the commencement. I am no Liberty Party man, and, of course, no voter. I have come in contact with slaveholders, under almost every conceivable circumstance. I have, in three instances, had the loaded pistol pointed against my heart, when rescuing or inquiring into the case of slaves. I have had the bowie-knife drawn on me in the cars, and yet remain unscathed. I have assisted towards the North *eighteen hundred and seventy-four* slaves in thirty-three years. I have been fined $5,400; have had all my property sold for the above debt, when I could have placed the whole of the slaves, eight in number, in Court in twelve hours; and can say with truth, that were I placed in the same circumstances again, I should pursue the same course. I am now a healthy, happy man; my mind is at peace with all men; I have plenty to eat and wear. My children can support themselves; so can I. I have enjoyed the life I have had assigned me, and have had an assurance that should I not live to see slavery abolished, there are those living that will, so sure as God is just; but I tremble for the slaveholders; first, dissolution of this corrupt Union, and then, I fear, a general massacre by the blacks of their cruel oppressors."

A. M. Powell made some very interesting remarks upon the above letter; speaking of him as a worthy example to follow, by all who love liberty not only for themselves, but for the *fettered* bondman. He spoke of the trial of those who had devoted their lives to the cause of freedom, and numbered them among earth's noblest benefactors. Some remarks were made by others in regard to the letter, and upon the spirit which should govern this Convention.

Adjourned until 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by the President, at the appointed time, there being more in attendance, not only from the village, but from the surrounding country. The following resolution was read and laid before the meeting for discussion:

Resolved, That organizations and associations were made for man, and not man for them; therefore, all, whether in Church or in State, that cannot exist without a sacrifice of the rights of man ought and should be destroyed.

Remarks upon the above resolution were made by several, but few, if any, of them seemed to see the extent to which it would lead if carried out.

A. M. Powell read the two following resolutions, which were adopted by the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Convention:

Resolved, That we solemnly and earnestly protest against making any incidental, momentary or limited issue with slavery a substitute for its immediate and eternal overthrow, such as the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law, or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, or the admission of any new slave State into the Union, or the acquisition of any foreign territory for slaveholding purposes, or returning back to the policy of our Revolutionary fathers, or the absurdity of attempting to make liberty national and slavery sectional; but the work of genuine anti-slavery is to assail slavery wherever it exists, with or without the sanction of the law, as the sum of all villanies; to fill every [illegible] and every abettor of slaveholding with shame and confusion of face, and to give immediate and unconditional emancipation to every slave on American soil.

Resolved, That a *dissolution of the Union* is demanded by every principle of justice, humanity and self-respect, by every consideration of safety and the general welfare, and by the wisest reference to all their industrial pursuits on the part of the Free States; that in no other way can they maintain their own rights, or wash their own hands in innocency, than by a peaceful secession

[* The friends who hesitated to give the name of the person here referred to are probably not aware that some of the facts here stated have been before made public, and that it is no secret that the individual who has made himself so obnoxious to the slaveholders, and has become so widely known as the friend of the fugitive slave, is Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware.—EDS. STANDARD.]

from the slaveholding States, leaving with them the awful responsibilities of their slave system; and that, to this end they ought to meet in a delegated capacity, in a free Northern Convention, to take such steps and to agree upon such measures as may be necessary to effect this object.

A. M. Powell spoke in defence of the resolutions. He compared the platforms of the once two great political parties, and showed that they not only stood upon pro-slavery ground now, but always had and always would, so long as we remained under one Government. The North and South seemed to vie with each other which should go the farthest and fall the lowest in the support of slavery. He said, even the Free Democrats can do nothing, for they were to attack slavery only where Congress had full control, in the District of Columbia, and the Territories, leaving the States to do as they choose with slavery in their own borders; thus neglecting to attack the great strongholds of American slavery. The Liberty Party was fettered and could not stand upon these high moral and uncompromising principles of eternal justice, the rock of truth, and fight the enemy in his strongholds with any chance of success. He spoke of the dissolution of the Union as the only hope for the slave, and of the North. He believed that a dissolution of the Union could be proved to mathematical exactness, to be advantageous to the North in a commercial point of view, as well as in many other ways. He quoted from the South to show that slavery could not exist without the assistance of the North; that a dissolution of the Union would be a dissolution of slavery. He then appealed to the audience, whether we had a right to keep the slave in his chains, to carry out our selfish ends, either in a commercial or in a political point of view. The disunion doctrines caused considerable feeling upon the subject, some for and some against. They were discussed by A. M. Powell, Job Wilbur, Reuben Misher, Rev. Mr. Wetherspoon, and others.

The following resolutions were presented by J. Wildee, in behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, for discussion:

Resolved, That we condemn, in the most *emphatic* manner, the whole course of our Government in regard to the compromies it has made with evil, whether in regard to slavery or any other great wrong.

Resolved, That, in making a compromise with evil, we violate a law of God, and must, sooner or later, pay the penalty of violated law; we say it without fear of contradiction, that it is impossible to make a compromise between right and wrong; that a Government based upon compromises must sooner or later fall.

The last resolutions called forth some remarks in their approval, which, together with the other resolutions, were passed.

The following resolution, taken from a series of resolutions passed by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, was read by A. M. Powell:

Resolved, That, while we rejoice to perceive on the part of the religious press, and some of the churches and pulpits, in various parts of the land, indications of a somewhat favourable change of position, in respect to our cause, we are still constrained to declare, "the American Church is the bulwark of slavery," and, consequently, a thoroughly apostate body, whose claim to be the Church of Him who came to "open the prison doors to them that are bound" is equally shameless and profligate.

The above resolution was received with marked demonstrations of approval and disapproval.

Mr. Wetherspoon objected, in emphatic language, to the adoption of the resolution, believing it would injure the cause even at this advanced stage. He said the cause was onward, its progress was easily to be seen, and that we should not throw in a block to stop its wheels.

A. M. Powell spoke for some time in favour of the resolution.

Rev. Mr. Shattuck thought that there were exceptions, but they would take care of themselves; that if the present American Church was torn to pieces, on its ruins would be erected a true Church, which would recognise not only the justice of God, but the rights of man.

After considerable discussion, the resolution was at last adopted, amid considerable feeling.

Rev. Mr. Shattuck presented the following memorial:

Whereas, in the inscrutable course of Providence, our former Secretary, Samuel Wilbur, has, since our last meeting at this place, been taken from us by *death;* therefore, be it resolved, that we deeply *deplore* the event as the removal from our ranks of one most earnest and faithful in his love for humanity, and pity for the *oppressed;* that we cherish in affectionate and admiring remembrance the thought of his many good deeds and words for the unhappy millions deprived of their freedom, and that we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the kindred and more immediate friends of our departed brother, in the sad bereavement of him at once so truly pious, virtuous and humane, and so highly gifted, useful and promising.

On account of the absence of C. C. Burleigh, and the inclemency of the weather, the Convention closed with the afternoon Session, to the great disappointment of many who were there, and many who came the next day.

J. WILDEE, Secretary.

THE GREAT DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

WE have just finished reading the full report, in the *Globe,* of the Debate, in the Senate of the United States, on the 23d ult., upon the passage of the bill to protect U. S. officers in executing the Fugitive Slave law. The speech of Mr. Seward, which formed a part of that Debate, will be found on the first page. It is marked by those high qualities which distinguish all the public efforts of its author, and will serve to augment his popularity among that portion of the Northern people who, while they are not prepared for revolutionary measures, are yet honestly determined to be no longer ruled by the Slave Power. There are radical and lamentable defects in Mr. Seward's statesmanship, but they are such as the unholy Union between the North and South renders inevitable even to the best of those who consent to share its responsibilities. With all his deficiencies, he stands manfully upon the ground where he long since planted his feet, taking no step backward and giving no sign of wavering or fear under the assaults to which he is exposed.

Next week we shall publish the Speeches of Messrs. Wilson and Sumner, when we shall have occasion to speak of the positions assumed by those gentlemen respectively, in reply to the interrogatories of Southern Senators, upon the question of returning fugitive slaves. We are sorry to find that the telegraphic report of Mr. Wilson's remarks was not so far wrong as we had hoped it was, and that his replies were less manly and direct than those of his colleague. But our readers shall have the means of forming a judgment for themselves upon this point.

Messrs. Wade, of Ohio, Fessenden, of Me., and Gillette, of Ct., also bore an honourable part in the discussion. Mr. Gillette took occasion to speak of the atrocities of slavery and the slave trade at the seat of Government, and his shafts were so well directed as to carry consternation into the Southern camp. We trust his speech will be widely circulated.

GERRIT SMITH'S LETTER TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, published herewith, we commend to the attention of our readers. Some thing in it invite comment, but we have not room for a word. Mr. Smith appears to us to be labouring under an entirely erroneous idea, in supposing that his integrity has been called in question by those Abolitionists who differ from him in opinion on some points, or question the wisdom of some things done or said by him while a member of Congress. If any Abolitionist has ever doubted his entire sincerity and honesty, we are not aware of the fact.

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

To the Editors of the Standard.

AFTER holding meetings in Wayne County, I had several very good meetings in Ontaria, and from thence proceeded to Cayuga County to fulfil a series of appointments for meetings, as announced in the *Standard.*

Had two meetings at Port Byron, in Graham's Hall—the first on Thursday evening, January 25th, and the second on Friday evening, the 26th.

These meetings were not largely attended, but, on the part of those who were present, a gratifying interest was exhibited.

The sectarians of the place, both ecclesiastical and political, as a natural consequence, had no sympathy with our meetings. On the first evening, the Methodists held a meeting at the same hour with ours, for the purpose, it was said by some, of saving as many as possible from falling under anti-slavery influences; and on the second evening, the Baptists manufactured a meeting; also the Hindoo Know-Nothings, who are said to be quite numerous in that community, held one of their secret conclaves, which, together with a severe snow-storm, contributed to make our meetings smaller than probably would otherwise have been the case.

There are a few earnest friends of our cause in and about Port Byron, and the number is gradually increasing.

One man, Mr. H———, who, in times past, has actively coöperated with the Old School Democratic Party, and as one of the results is now profusely supplied with franked speeches from Washington, by Stephen Arnold Douglas, and other of the apostles of "popular sovereignty," assured me, in a discussion in regard to a Dissolution of the Union, that, so far as the Fugitive Slave law is concerned, if a fugitive slave should call on *him* for aid, he should grant it, and, if need be, rather than that the law should be executed, he would take, with his own conveyance, said fugitive to Canada, so that even *Old Hunkerism* is threatening *Disloyalty,* to some extent, to the Slaveholding Oligarchy!

I was very kindly entertained, while at Port Byron, in the family of Mr. Nathan Marble, who has long been a warm friend of our cause.

At Throopsville, on Sunday, the 28th, in consequence of the storm, and the drifted snow, I could hold no meetings.

I also had appointments at Springport, for Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the 30th and 31st, but, on reaching there, found no opening for the meetings, which were deferred for the present, to be held at some future period.

Had a meeting at Aurora, in Academy Hall, on Saturday evening, February 3d.

Aurora is a very pleasantly located village, situated on the east shore of the Cayuga Lake, about eighteen miles south of Auburn. It has an interesting and commanding view of the lake, and of the beautiful landscape beyond.

The inhabitants are, for the most part, wealthy, and are aristocratic in their feelings, and hence have next to no sympathy at all for that movement the object of which is to "undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free."

Our meeting, which was a small one, was mostly attended by persons living several miles distant, who are actively interested in the cause.

Out of the whole number of the inhabitants of the village, *six persons—five men* and *one woman!*—condescended to lend us their kind attention for a brief hour to take into consideration the condition and the Christian claims of almost four millions of our fellow-beings who have "fallen among thieves," and are now lying "bruised and bleeding" by the wayside.

The doors of each of their churches are understood to be locked against anti-slavery meetings, and their religion is of a quality—judging from their past and present relation to the anti-slavery movement—under the benign influences of which the business, or rather the crime, of man-stealing, woman-whipping, and cradle-plundering, might be engaged in with impunity, and even with a fair prospect of having the favour and the patronage of the purse-proud and time-serving worshippers who habitually assemble themselves together on the Sabbath day in their *Synagogues of Slavery.*

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 4th, I held a very good meeting at Leedyard, in the Methodist church. Notwithstanding the very cold and unfavourable weather, there was a goodly number of attentive listeners in attendance at the meeting.

Had an excellent meeting on Sunday evening, the 4th, in a school-house at Poplar Ridge.

This is in the midst of a Quaker District—that being the kind of religion most prevalent—and is embraced within the limits of the Scipio Quarterly Meeting.

The several divisions of the Society are found here, and among the younger portion of the members there is apparently considerable interest felt in the anti-slavery cause, but on the part of the Ministers and Elders and the "weighty members" of their Councils, with some noble and honourable exceptions, there is a time-serving and hypocritical pro-slavery conservatism and bigotry that is rarely to be equalled, concerning which Parker Pillsbury has well remarked, in his excellent work, the "Church as It Is," that "if a board of brokers among the demons of darkness would not pay a high premium for hypocrisy like this, then such stocks must have greatly fallen in that market since the last accounts from thence."

A recommended minister among Friends, who is interested in the anti-slavery cause, attended the meeting at Poplar Ridge, and, at the close, said to me that, although my criticisms upon his Society had been pretty severe, he believed them to be true, and justly applicable to it; and that he had been pained for a long time, in looking over the Society, to witness, as he thought, that just in the proportion that other people have become actively interested in the cause, the Society of Friends—*as a body*—has stood aloof, and shut its doors against it, refusing to coöperate in the great struggle now going on in behalf of Universal Liberty.

At Aurora and at the above meetings, I had the coöperation of Willetts Keese, an active and an uncompromising Abolitionist, and was also very kindly entertained in his family, all the members of which are devotedly interested in the slave's redemption, and in human progress.

At Sherwood's Corners, I held two meetings—the first on Monday evening, Feb. the 5th; the second on Tuesday evening, the 6th.

The weather was extremely cold; and on Tuesday evening and the Wednesday morning following, it exceeded in severity the coldest weather that has been known in that section of the country at any period for many years.

The meetings were held in the school-room, which is a very good one, and, on Monday evening, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather, the room was filled with an interesting audience.

The meeting on Tuesday evening, in consequence of the bitter and penetrating cold and of another meeting near by, was but moderately attended.

Slocumb Howland resides here, and his home is one, the atmosphere of which is every way congenial and gratifying to the uncompromising Abolitionist. I am also indebted to Mr. Reuben Halsted and family, for their hospitality and kind endeavours to render my labours effectual in that vicinity.

At each of these meetings, I have distributed copies of the new series of Anti-Slavery Tracts, and, in repeated instances, have afterwards received gratifying testimonials as to the beneficial results they have accomplished with those persons who have given them a careful reading. May the numbers be multiplied and have a widely extended circulation.

I am now engaged in fulfilling a series of appointments in Washington County, and, with a single exception, have thus far had excellent meetings.

Yours for Emancipation, immediate and unconditional,
A. M. POWELL.

NORTH GRANVILLE, Washington Co., N. Y.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent furnisheth materials for history—Concerning Judge Loring's Lectureship—Mr. Franklin Dexter, who and what he is—Price of Lecturers in the Cambridge Market—What men say—How some of the votes against him are explained—The Probate Judgeship, and men's minds thereon—Prospects of the Removal—Mr. Phillips's Argument—The other side how represented—General Houston's Lecture—Know-Nothing consternation—Piety, Slavery and Dancing—Suit against Mayor Smith and the other Burns Rioters—The great victory of the day—A more fatal liquid than vitriol, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, March 8, 1855.

THE matters connected with Commissioner Loring are those which fill the talk of Boston just at present—they and the things to which they are naturally allied. The degree in which his rejection by the Overseers of Harvard College was intended as a condemnation of his Slave-catching proclivities has been mooted in the newspapers. A communication has appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* intended to relieve the Board of the entire credit that has been given it on this head. But the *Advertiser* and the general Public insist upon it that the guillotine was applied as an Act of Public Justice and not merely as one of Academic Duty. The way that the thing is talked about is this, though I do not pledge myself for the exact accuracy of all my details: Several years ago, the Hon. Franklin Dexter, of this City, who, about that time, retired from the Bar with the reputation of being the equal of the foremost as a lawyer, and perhaps surpassing all in universality of accomplishments, was appointed a Lecturer at the Cambridge Law School. It was an appointment that was, in every respect, honourable to the Appointing Powers and beneficial to the School. But before long, Mr. Dexter resigned, as it is now said, because the College was unable to pay him for his services. For a temporary purpose, as it was supposed, Mr. Edward G. Loring was put in his place. His appointment expired, by limitation of time, in August, 1852, I think it was. Still, Mr. Loring was continued in office, without a new appointment until the other day, receiving, as is affirmed, a larger compensation than that which has come between the College and the services of Mr. Dexter. So that it appeared that the College could afford to pay for the services of a fifth-rate lawyer at a higher rate than for those of one undeniably at the head of the Bar! Last year, as I believe I have told you already, it was proposed to erect a new professorship for Mr. Loring, making it all comfortable for him by releasing the Coming Man from the necessity of residence, so that he could hold his office of Probate Judge in Boston, at the same time. At this, however, the Overseers kicked resolutely, and the proposal was withdrawn; but, it is said that, by way of consoling Mr. Loring for the rank of Professor which was denied him, he was allowed a Professor's salary for a Lecturer's duty.

The Overseers, not unnaturally, were indisposed to permit their intentions to be thwarted in this kind of way, and there was an unquestionable disposition on the part of a portion of those gentlemen to be even with the Corporation and their *protégé,* whenever the time came. It is very possible that there was a portion of the Board influenced rather by these considerations than by Mr. Loring's Slave-catching malfeasances in their action on his appointment. But they were very happy to cast in their lot with those who meant to mark their sense of him as a man rather than as a law-teacher, and by all together the good work was happily accomplished. And the result would have been the same had these gentlemen, whose Anti-Slavery motives are denied, abstained from voting, or voted in favour of the confirmation—only the proportion would not have been so satisfactorily large. You will perhaps ask how it happened that Mr. Loring had thus wound himself around the hearts of the Honourable and Reverend Gentlemen composing the Corporation? At the time of his appointment, three of the seven were more or less nearly connected with him by blood or affinity. I do not say that these gentlemen shared in the general feeling as to the unfitness of Mr. Loring for the post. On the contrary, I have no doubt they thought he would do well enough. But when all Boston knew that there were at least fifty men at the Bar who were better fitted for it than he, they could hardly be surprised if his appointment were regarded as an act of favouritism. His appointment to his Probate Judgeship, too, was looked upon, at the time it was made, with disfavour, as a provision made by a small clique, who had contrived to get the control of Whig matters into their hands, for a feeble member of their confraternity. And there will be a very general pious submission and devout resignation to his fate, even among men who will make no talk of it, should the Great and General Court send him about his business again. There is a very general opinion that he has been fed long enough in the Common Pasture, and that it is time now that he be put again into the private paddock of those who have quartered him on the public for so long.

How the matter will go in the Legislature remains to be seen. It seems too good a thing to expect; but persons professing to be well informed are confident that the Address will be carried. Petitions continue to pour in from all parts of the State; and if the Powers that Be wish to remain such, they cannot do a thing that will more commend them to future support. The admirable argument of Mr. Phillips, which appeared in last week's *Liberator,* must act powerfully on the impartial part of this Legislature, as it has already on the general Public. No one has attempted a reply to it, as yet, except an Alabama Slaveholder, who was very fitly rejoined upon by Lewis Hayden, who, as you know, was for many years a slave, and is now a dealer in clothes, in this city. The way in which the plain tale he had to tell put down the slaveholder was a very entertaining as well as edifying circumstance. It is said that Mr. R. H. Dana, one of the counsel for Burns, is to appear now for the Commissioner who sent him back. Mr. Dana and many other excellent gentlemen who think change equivalent to revolution, and who look only at the public wrongs that may flow from doing a great right, fear lest the Removal of Judge Loring would tend to weaken the independence of the Judiciary. As if the Bench could be strengthened by retaining upon it a man whom more than half the people look upon as a disgrace to it. I do not question the sincerity of these gentlemen's opinions or the reality of their zeal; but I must doubt their discretion. If they succeed in preventing this purgation of the Judiciary, they may be sure that they will only hasten the day when the people will take this matter into their own hands. They will say, if it be true, that, as matters now stand, a Judge is sacred, let him do what rascality he will, out of his office, we will change that standing of matters, and give the election of Judges to the people. I should not fear to prophesy that, if Mr. Loring be returned, the Judges in this State will be elected by the People in 1860.

General Houston's lecture has been another feature of the last fortnight. The hall was as full as it could be, and the General was listened to with entire civility, though it was very clear that it was all the good manners of the audience could do to keep them from laughing in his face. The idea of the only Champion that Slavery has ever sent to an Anti-Slavery audience, a Senator, an Ex-President of Texas, the hero of San Jacinto, and all that sort of thing, standing up before a Northern audience and uttering such *platitudes,* such obsolete, worn-out arguments, that even Dr. Adams would blush to cover his nakedness with them, and should talk as if he did n't suppose that we see through all his twaddle, was indeed a psychological phenomenon. It is very clear, if he really believed what he said, that there is not an Anti-Slavery child in Massachusetts that does not understand the facts and philosophy of Slavery better than this veteran Slaveholder. The only time he really brought down the house was when he, all unconsciously, trod on the toes of his Know-Nothing friends, by pointing to what we owed to our foreign population! The countenance of the Great One of the Earth (or this little part of it) fell like the thermometer on the coldest day, beyond observation or calculation. It is doubted by those who speculate on the subject whether General Houston has killed himself at the South, or hurt himself at the North, the more by this Demonstration. I must say, however, that he was eminently pious throughout his discourse, and he vindicated his recent conversion to the Baptist Religion, at the Know-Nothing Festival at Faneuil Hall, held the same evening. When the dancing began, he left the room, having a religious testimony against that amusement. He could defend from the Bible the custom of selling men and women by auction, and subjecting them to all the necessary horrors of slavery; but he could not stand the sight of men and women dancing together for their amusement! Verily, great *are* the Mysteries of Godliness!

A case of general interest was entered upon the last week, at Dedham. It was an action brought by a lad name Ela against Mayor Smith, the Apothecary-General Edwards and Captain Evans, for injuries received on the day they furnished and formed the Body-Guard of poor Burns's kidnappers. Young Ela, it seems, was apprentice to a Roxbury Apothecary, and was sent to Boston that day on an errand. Being seen in the streets with a bottle in his hand, the company in the command of the Gallant Evans fell upon him, cut him over the head, stabbed him and maltreated him outrageously, and then had him shut up in a black-hole, called a lock-up, for twenty-four hours. Their excuse is that they thought the bottle contained *vitriol,* and the brave fellows, being equal to a combat with a boy, engaged him, at the point of the bayonet, and were gloriously victorious, as I have above stated. A motion was made for a Non-Suit, on the ground that these defendants were not the right parties. The Judge (Merrick) reserved the point for the whole Bench. Of course, the odds are that the poor boy will be choused out of Justice by some trick of the Law. It was shown that his injuries had affected his mind, as well as his body, so that he would not, probably, ever be able to support himself. But what of that, compared with the laurels of the Boston Militia? I forgot to say that the bottle, which had thus frightened those fine fellows out of what wits brandy had left them, contained, not Vitriol, but *Record Ink,* a material which they had much more reason to be afraid of, if they had only known what was what.

D. Y.

LETTER FROM G. B. STEBBINS.

NORTH COLLINS, Erie Co., N. Y.,
February 27, 1855.

To the Editors of The Standard.

I AM sitting by the cheerful fireside of my friend Humphrey Smith, one of the pioneers who came here nearly forty years ago, when Buffalo was a mere village, and reared his cabin in the forest by a little creek, along which run an Indian "trail," a rude contrast to the old farm he left near New Bedford. But the forest and the trail are gone, the cabin has disappeared and a spacious house stands on its site. So much for the energy and industry of the pioneer. Out of doors a snow-storm is in full career, the roads blocked up, and an embargo laid on travel. I can't go out and talk, and, therefore, sit down to write something about my past few weeks' travels and efforts.

I wrote a few lines from Phillipsville, Allegany Co., some weeks since, to state the fact that the *egg dispensation* was gone by in that town, and arguments are more in vogue than eggs now—arguments *against* slavery more popular than eggs *for* it.

Soon after, I went to Rushford, and had two meetings, with rather small audiences; but, a few men and women, such as are in Rushford, are a host.

Two pro-slavery revivals were in progress; Humanity was driven to the Universalist Church, while a Religion that says to Anti-Slavery "I am holier than thou" was using its temples and closing public halls—teaching men to love God and forget their brother!

I found J. H. Philleo and wife there, much engaged, just at present, in arranging some business matters, but by no means forgetful of the *good cause.*

I went to Belfast, one evening, and found the Baptist Church filled with people. I talked about the "Know-Nothings," exposing their pro-slavery servility, and had an interesting time, excellent and candid attention, all that could be asked. Three clergymen were present, and two of them exchanged a friendly word as the audience were leaving.

At Nile, I talked, one dark stormy evening, in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, to a good gathering for such a night, and in the Allen School House, a few miles south, had a crowded gathering. At Richburgh, talked in the Academy Hall, which was fairly filled, although a Baptist preacher had talked about "infidelity" in the street. He came to hear, when a request was made that any one present would speak, correct errors, or give views in assent or dissent, said nothing *publicly,* but, after people were mostly gone, began to talk to a man about misstatements, &c. He was asked why he did n't come out publicly, and advised to come to me for satisfaction; not choosing to do this, he walked solemnly out, and those who were left laughed at his exodus.

A Seventh Day Baptist preacher who was present gave a hearty "Amen" now and then during the evening, and was cordial in manner and feeling.

At Richburgh, I was near the Pennsylvania line, but turned back to Friendship, and talked there one evening, in the Methodist Church, to a good audience, although the night was very cold and the freezing wind blew fearfully. A converted Catholic, a poor half-witted creature, had been lecturing in the place and telling awful stories about dark projects of wholesale murder by Catholics in this country, compared to which the gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes was mere innocent recreation. The whole end and aim of his labours seemed to be to carry grist to the Know-Nothing mill. (By the way, is n't it wonderful how men who, a few months ago, would try to kiss the blarney-stone with the Irish, and splutter high Dutch with "our German fellow-citizens," who could n't walk *up* the street without Mickey, or *down* without Yacoub, are seized with mortal fear of the Catholics?)

As the Order had a tolerably strong vote in the place, and had drawn in some that were fit for better things, I occupied the time in exposing its real character. At the close, a somewhat prominent Baptist rose and said that he had favoured their plans, but should do so no more; another followed in somewhat similar manner, and the clergyman of the Congregational Church—who had favoured them—also said he was satisfied the Order would be servile and corrupt, and in a manly way spoke against it.

On the whole, I thought radical anti-slavery stood better and "Know-Nothingism" worse for our meeting.

There, as elsewhere, the rational, intelligent and honest men who have been supporters of this mystical stupidity—so well named—are leaving it, and it is becoming a sort of *omnium gatherum* for Hunkerism of all grades, and all *approved* shades (no "niggers," of course; they are foreigners and Liberia is their "native country").

I visited Wellsville and met a cordial welcome from A. N. Cole, editor of the *Genessee Valley Free Press.* The meeting was in the Baptist Church, and the audience, although not large, was excellent and intelligent.

This was a stronghold of Know-Nothingism, and I occupied the time in exposing the Order, and showing that slavery was the great question to be met, and could never be adjusted or sectionalized until the system was abolished by the withdrawal of that Northern aid given to it by party, sect and Union pledged to its support.

I took occasion to criticise some absurd statements made by a Baptist clergyman, who had lectured in favour of Know-Nothingism, in the same Church, a few weeks before, and, at the close, a leading Baptist member moved a vote of thanks. Wellsville is a busy town of some 1,500 inhabitants, in the midst of a lumbering country, and some idea of its immense business in that line may be gained by the fact that, within twelve months past, $143,000 has been paid at the dépôt of the Erie Railroad there for freight, principally lumber. I held a meeting at Alfred Academy, not large, in consequence of imperfect notice, and at Caneadea, a small village on the Genesee river and canal.

It has been a very *hard* place, and is not over it yet, as rum is plenty at its taverns. But it is improving, and has a good farming population around. The meeting was in the church, Sunday afternoon, and the attendance and attention much better than I expected.

Coming to Portage to take the cars toward Rochester, I found the railroad blocked up by snow—a hopeless case for a day or two at least. A company joined and chartered a sleigh for Avon, and slid rapidly over a fine road, making the thirty-one miles in a trifle over four hours.

After reaching home, I was laid up some days by a severe cold and threatened fever, but on Saturday last left home for this place by Buffalo. Reaching that city, I found the wind blowing hard, *as usual.* Whether it ever lulls there in the winter, I am doubtful. I never knew it to, and it has always come from the West when it has been my fortune to be there in cold weather—no zephyr either, but a keen *merciless* blast, cold as Nova Zembla, and rushing on with the sweep it had gained by careering over three hundred miles of lake and the level country on the Northern shore.

I can't vouch but that the wind *may* change, may blow from the North or East sometimes—possibly from the South—but its vicinity must be like that of the weather in Scotland, as I heard the story told once by a witty man, an Irishman, and a Catholic priest withal, with whom I rode a dozen miles, one cold morning, in a stage, and who kept me warm with laughter at his good stories, so well told. An Englishman, he said, was once travelling in the Highlands, and, for two weeks, rain and mists had been constant; tired of being soaked and befogged, he met a canny Scot one day, and says to him, "Does it rain here always?" The reply was given in the broad tones of the Scotchman, "Nae, nae, it snaws sometimes."

But this is entirely "extraneous matter." Pardon me and I will return to the thread of the narration. After waiting four hours at the hotel, eating a poor dinner and watching the snow as it whirled before the blast by the windows, I took cars for twenty miles, and then an outside seat on a stage six miles more, facing that ceaseless and remorseless wind a good part of the way, and stopping at last at a little public house for the night, the next morning taking a walk of four miles before breakfast to my present quarters. Prospects are good for meetings in the vicinity when the storm ceases, and it is somewhat decreasing in violence.

I am near the Indian Reservation, on which a remnant of the Six Nations are settled, a thousand or more in number. My host has just been telling me of Red Jacket, whom he knew well personally. I must, in another letter, give some idea of their present condition, perhaps, for surely Abolitionists should be interested in the fate of the Indian, "fading away beneath the withering shadow of the Anglo-Saxon" as he is. But the clouds are breaking away, the wind is moderating, the broad expanse of unsullied snow will soon glisten in the sunshine, and the roads, I trust, be broken out. The dark green of the pines contrasts finely with the snow; barns are like black dots on the distant hill-sides. Men work their way wearily along the road, on either side of which the fences just reach up above the drifts. It is all winter in its cheery aspect, the storm gone, the sky softening from its cold steel-like blue to a deeper, warmer shade, flushing into red tints in the West. I must close.

Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

SIR: Had not your many changes and rechanges prepared me to be astonished at nothing that you might say, or do, I would have been somewhat surprised at the attack made upon me by you, in your paper of the 2d of March. You commence by saying, "we do regret that he should feel called upon to show his faithfulness to the American Anti-Slavery Society by covering us with dishonour." Let me say to you, Frederick Douglass, that my difference with you has nothing whatever to do with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and no one knows that better than yourself. And I regard such an insinuation as fit only to come from one whose feelings are entirely lost to all sense of shame. My charge against you is, that, just before I left the United States for England, you wrote a *private* letter to a distinguished Abolitionist in Great Britain, injurious to me, and intended to forestall my movements there. In a note which I forwarded to you, to your address at Rochester, on the 20th of January last, I gave you to understand that I had been made aware of your having acted in that underhand manner. The following is a part of the note I sent you more than a month ago. "During my sojourn in England, and several months after my arrival there, and while spending a few days with a friend of yours, the post brought me a letter, which had been re-mailed in London, and it proved to be from you, dated at New Bedford. After I had finished reading the letter, your friend seemed anxious to learn its contents. I handed it to her, with the request that she would read it; your friend appeared much astonished at the kindness expressed by you to me, and exclaimed, 'Douglass has done you a great injustice,' and immediately revealed to me the contents of a letter which she had received from you, some months before, and which was written a short time previous to my departure from America. I need not say that the very unfavourable position in which your letter placed me before your friend, secured for me a cold reception at her hands. I need not name the lady; you know to whom I refer, unless you wrote to more than one." Your attack upon me, in your paper of the 2d inst., in which you ask for "facts," when my note containing the above had been in your possession more than a month, shows too well your wish to make a sneaking fling at me, instead of seeking for "facts," and acting the part of an honourable man. Why did you not give my note a place in your paper, and make such comments as you thought best? No, that would not have suited you. But, anxious to heap insult upon injury, you resort to the mode most congenial to your feelings and sense of justice. Had I not thought it due to the public to state the above "facts," I would have treated your scurrilous paragraph with that silence and contempt that all such articles so justly deserve. However, no future insinuation of yours, no matter how false or unjust, shall provoke from me a reply.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

ILLNESS OF MISS MARTINEAU.—Late English papers state, and the painful intelligence is confirmed by private letters from abroad, that Miss Martineau is very seriously ill, and not expected to live many months. Her disease is pronounced to be an enlargement of the heart; but, as physicians are so liable to be mistaken in regard to diseases of that organ, we hope that they may be in error in this case. If, however, Miss Martineau's work in this world is nearly finished, she may lie down to rest with the blessed consciousness of a life well spent, and of having faithfully used the many talents wherewith she was endowed for the good of her fellow-men. Her name will be enrolled among those of the chosen few who have lived for the sake of the poor, the oppressed and the ignorant.

SENATOR WILSON—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

WE expressed our dissatisfaction, last week, with Hon. Henry Wilson's replies (as reported by telegraph) to the interrogatories of Southern Senators upon the rendition of fugitive slaves. We now have occasion to express regret and disappointment upon finding that he opposed the passage of the preliminary act for the admission of Oregon to the Union. The question came up just before the final adjournment, on Sunday. Here is the telegraphic report of what occurred:

Mr. DOUGLAS, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Oregon Territory to form a State Constitution, and apply for admission at the next session.

Mr. BADGER objected, for want of time.

Mr. DOUGLAS urged the passage. The delay had occurred at the request of Mr. Bell.

Mr. DOUGLAS said good faith and public interest demanded the admission.

Mr. JONES—I go for admitting Oregon. They've a right to come without slaves; you are, however, destroying the balance of power when you reject a State which comes with slaves. That will be revolution. Then I will fight for them.

Mr. BELL, from the Committee on Territories, explained the bill.

Mr. BROWN—I shall oppose this bill. We had a promise of no more general legislation. He moved to lay it upon the table. Lost—Nays 20, yeas 18.

Mr. BROWN—We don't know whether she has the requisite population.

Mr. DOUGLAS—She has 75,000, and will soon have 100,000.

Mr. BROWN renewed his opposition, and a general opposition was made by Southern Senators.

Mr. WILSON—It is Sunday. I am ready to transact any business necessary to carry on the Government. I don't think this is such. I think it would be better left open for another year. I shall vote to lay the bill on the table.

Mr. SEWARD—Will the honourable Senator from Massachusetts permit me to suggest. A new State may come in by invitation like that which is given by this bill; that is the old way all States were admitted before Michigan, and is considered by some the only right way. California was not invited, and like Michigan, came in with a State Constitution. This irregularity constituted the great difficulty in the way of admitting California. Oregon will apply next winter, if not admitted now. If invitation be not given now, objection will be made on the ground of irregularity when she does come. According to legislative reckoning and to the record, this Sunday morning is not Sunday, March 4, but Saturday, March 3. If you vote to lay on the table because it is Sunday, the record will contradict you, and hereafter you will have difficulty in explaining; but if you call this Sunday, the admission of a Free State on the Pacific, is an act so beneficent as to justify its being done even on so sacred a day.

Mr. DOUGLAS—I had intended to press the bill as long as opposition came merely from the South, but since the opposition comes (turning to Mr. Wilson) from the extreme North, as well as (turning to Mr. Brown) from the extreme South, it is manifest that we cannot pass the bill, and I abandon the effort. I move to lay the bill on the table.

The yeas and nays were called for, and the following is the vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Badger, Bayard, Bell, Benjamin, Brown, Clay, Dawson, Dodge (Wis.); Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Johnson, Jones (Tenn.); Mallory, Mason, Morton, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Thompson (Ky.); Thomson (N. J.); Toucey, Wells—27.

NAYS—Messrs. Barnard, Chase, Fessenden, Foot, Gillette, Houston, Seward, Stuart, Sumner, Wade, Weller—11.

Mr. Wilson, in his speech, promised to vote in favour of a motion to lay the bill on the table, but we find his name neither among the yeas nor the nays. Did he conclude, on second thought, to dodge? The talk about Sunday was sheer nonsense, inasmuch as the sacredness of the day would have been no more violated by taking the question upon the passage of the bill than it was by the vote to lay it on the table. The one was as much business as the other. We cannot help suspecting that Mr. Wilson was working in the interest of the Know-Nothings. At any rate, his course has a decidedly ugly look.

TRACT NUMBER FIVE of the Series of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for gratuitous distribution, has been published and is ready for circulation. It is upon the Inter-State Slave Trade, and was written by Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY. It will be regarded, we doubt not, as a tract of great value, and cannot fail of doing much in farther arousing the people of the North to a sense of the manifold tyrannies and disgrace to which they are subject from their connection with slave-breeding and slave-trading States.

THE REPORTS OF MR. GARRISON'S TABERNACLE LECTURE, published in the New York daily papers, are so blundering as to be utterly contemptible. As his speech was repeated in Boston to a large audience, we hope to see it in the *Liberator,* if not in pamphlet form.

Summary.

TEN PERSONS PERISHED ON THE PRAIRIES.—On the Saturday preceding the memorable storm, of the 21st of January, two families, numbering ten persons, moving from Southern Indiana to Northern Illinois, arrived at Oxford, the county seat of Benton County, Ind., about 40 miles north-west of Lafayette, with two ox-teams, and well provided with necessaries for the road. They remained there through the storm, and on Monday resumed their journey. Last Tuesday morning, a man passing over a prairie, only about five miles from Oxford, came upon a sight which filled him with horror.

The carcasses of two oxen, from which the viscera had been removed, lay upon the ground. Inside of one of them, were the frozen bodies of four children, and in the other the frozen corpse of their mother, with a nursing infant at her breast. Under the snow was a heap of ashes, in which the iron of the wagons showed that the party had broken them up, and burned everything they had in them, in the effort to save their lives. Not far from this spot was found the body of the other woman of the party, partly concealed in a snow-drift, and near her one of the men. The two other men had not been found.

It is probable that the party became inextricably involved in the snow-drifts on the bleak prairie and lost their presence of mind. After burning up their wagons, it would seem that the men had killed two of the oxen for a shelter to those found in them, and then, accompanied by one woman, vainly endeavoured to reach the town they had left, and procure aid to rescue their companions. The two other oxen had wandered off. There was nothing about the persons to indicate who they were, and nothing more is known about them than was accidentally communicated by them during their brief stay at Oxford.—*Chicago Press, Feb. 21.*

A QUAKER MAJOR-GENERAL.—The House of Representatives in Maine, on Friday last, elected one of their members, Mr. Eli Jones, Major-General of the Second Division of the military of that State. This gentleman is an esteemed member of the Society of Friends, and is, doubtless, the first Quaker elected to so high an office in the militia. Mr. Jones made a capital speech, and after referring to the changes he had witnessed in the popular mind, on the various moral questions of the day, he alluded to military matters, and said:

"Still more wonderful, who would have believed that the State of Maine, that not a few years since gloried in an Aroostook expedition, and was noisy with military trainings, and the din of arms, would, in 1855, exhibit the spectacle of a peaceable member of the Society of Friends being elected to the post of Major-General of a division of militia, and that by the representatives of the people in Legislative capacity."

In the course of his brief speech, Mr. Jones said:

"He had ever endeavoured to regulate his own conduct by the principle that legislation should not go far in advance of public sentiment; and it seemed to him that this election might possibly be a little ahead of that sentiment. He would submit this suggestion in all candour. It was generally understood that he entertained peculiar views in respect to the policy of wars. If he was, in fact, an exponent of the views of the Legislature on that subject, he would cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure would he stand before the militia of the Second Division, and give such orders as he thought best. The first would be to 'Ground arms!' The next would be 'Right about face! beat your swords into plow-shares, and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!' and he would then dismiss every man to his farm and merchandize, with an admonition daily to read, at his fireside, the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of 'Peace on earth and good-will to men!'"

The honour was declined, and the honest Quaker expressed a preference for private life. His speech was delivered amidst interruptions of uproarious applause. Notwithstanding this declination, a message was sent to the Senate announcing Mr. Jones's election, but a message was received from the Senate informing the House of the election on its part of Samuel Goodridge, as Major-General of the Second Division.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE MISERIES OF THE SHIRT-SEWERS.—A poor girl, in the desperation of honest effort, engages to make shirts for the pittance of one shilling each. Before she can do even this, she must, by some desperate, perhaps final effort, raise two dollars—that sum being required as a deposit for the work taken out. With this in the hands of her employers, she goes to work. By unremitting industry, she may earn seven or eight shillings a week—that is her only return for labour and capital. Look now at the monstrous oppression of the system. The employer trades with the money of the employé, keeps all the profits, extorts all the losses, and can, by a dishonest quibble, force a market for the produce, by compelling the producer to purchase it. There is a direct object for finding fault with the work of the girl—a direct object for maintaining that the material entrusted to her has been spoiled: that object being—a certain sale, and its certain profit. To suppose that men who give but a shilling for making a shirt would hesitate in making this still greater extortion on labour would be absurd. That the consideration is great we know. One of the witnesses in the case of Margaret Byrne, stated, that sometimes five and six hundred girls were employed. The number is, of course, constantly changing: for, as one girl becomes disgusted with the imposition, another victim has to be procured, and is found all too readily. The industry of these poor toilers produces for one house probably 3,000 shirts a week. There are houses, we have been informed, where three times that number are made. All, or part of this stock, can, at the option of the proprietor, be thrown on the hands of the girls—he has the cash to pay himself, and a quibble to justify the extortion—fresh girls can be procured at any moment, ready to deposit their two dollars, and to be fleeced when the proper time arrives. On the other hand, the seamstress loses the capital necessary to procure fresh work—loses the value of her labour, and the means of independence and support.

The haggard, cruel fact, that in this metropolis, where wealth and luxury are largely enjoyed, and largely diffused; where enterprise and benevolence go hand in hand, and where Charity, of all the virtues, is the one most practised; the stern, clammy fact, that here in New York human beings can be found—aye, in thousands—anxious to toil from sun rise to nightfall for one shilling! To earn that—God knows how honestly—and yet be pinched with hunger! This, in its awful appeal to the human heart, *must* command the serious attention of all men, and *should,* in its tearful agony, commend itself to the sympathy of all women. From the latter, the ultimate remedy and permanent good must come. At this moment there are countless numbers of unoccupied needle-women who would gladly employ themselves in making shirts, like Margaret Byrne, for a shilling. Think of the misery, degradation and wretchedness that must inevitably accompany all their industry; think of the insignificance of God's curse, that by the sweat of their brow they shall live, compared with (man's curse), that by the sweat of their brow they shall *starve.* Think of the downward path opening, opening ever more beautiful as the opening one seems tyrannous, intolerable, and unnatural. Think of these things, mothers and daughters of America. Ask yourselves if woman's only vocations are the menial's or the slave's. Ask yourselves if her sphere of usefulness may not be enlarged; and then—compare the number of girls that serve you in a day's shopping, with the number of masculine yard sticks that leer at you in lazy largeness!—*N. Y. Times.*

Acknowledgments, &c., from Feb. 1, to March 1.

FOR STANDARD.

799 Simeon Hinman, Zoar Bridge, Ct.,	$2 00
807 Peter Brown, N. Y. City,	2 00
780 L. Tillotson, Thompson, O.,	4 00
801 Frederick Hoover, Richmond, Ind.,	2 00
764 Samuel Barrett, Concord, Mass.,	2 00
813 Thomas Wallace, N. Y. City,	2 00
817 E. J. Edmonds, Portsmouth, N. H.,	2 00
791 Harriet N. Curtis, " "	1 00
817 James N. Smart, " "	2 00
791 Charles E. Myers, " "	1 00
754 Thomas P. Nichols, Brooklyn, L. I.,	2 00
779 George W. Hughson, Port Byron, N. Y.,	50
769 J. H. Ward, Randolph, Ohio,	5 00
762 Anna Bragg, S. Wales, N. Y.,	2 00
793 Z. Ober, Newburg, Ohio,	3 00
818 Francis G. Whidden, Dover, N. H.,	2 00
785 William Emerson, N. Y. City,	6 00
793 William M. Angell, Ghent, N. Y.,	1 00
780 Isaac Carpenter, Aurora, "	50
793 Nathaniel Hansen, " "	1 00
781 Dyer Hughes, Hampton, Ct.,	2 00
814 J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.,	2 00
806 Slocum Howland, Sherwoods, N. Y.,	2 00
801 Edwin Wilbur Little Compton, R. I.,	2 00
766 Abiel Chandler, Concord, N. H.,	2 00
794 Mrs. Samuel May, Boston, Mass.,	2 00
819 W. Irving, N. Y. City,	2 00
814 Rt. Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, London, England,	2 00
814 Sir Edward North Buxton, London, Eng.,	2 00
814 Rev. J. J. Taylor, London, Eng.,	2 00
814 Sir Culling Eardley Eardley, Belvedere Erith Kent, England,	2 00
814 Rev. J. V. Rogers, Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire, Eng.,	2 00
814 Rev. Alfred Bligh Hill, High Roding Rectory Dunmon, Essex, Eng.,	2 00
814 Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, Eng.,	2 00
814 Bristol Athenæum, Bristol, Eng.,	2 00
814 Glasgow Athenæum, Glasgow, Scotland,	2 00
814 Duncan McLaren, Edinburgh, "	2 00
768 Rev. J. D. Martin, Tullyallen, Ireland,	3 41
814 W. Farrington, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.,	2 00
821 John D. Porter, Concord, N. H.,	2 00
818 Asa D. Wright, Deer River, N. Y.,	2 00
821 Dr. J. H. Boardman, Portsmouth, N. H.,	2 00
821 Mrs. H. C. Knight, " "	2 00
795 J. A. Bair, Stone, Ohio,	1 00
821 Solomon Spitzer, N. Y. City,	2 00
	$93 41

DONATIONS.

Samuel May, Jr. (pledge),	$20 00
Daniel Ferguson, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (pledge),	3 00
Thomas P. Nichols, Brooklyn, L. I. (pledge),	1 00
	$24 00

BY ABBY K. FOSTER.

Alfred Macy, Nantucket,	$5 00
Richard M. Hosier, "	2 00
Merah. Pinkham, "	1 00
Alfred Swain, "	1 00
William Bunker, "	1 00
Emeline Paddock, "	1 00
Benj. B. Smith, $25, and Chas. E. Gardner, $17,	42 00
	$53 00

BY WM. W. BROWN.

At Leicester, Mass., Jan. 7,	$4 60
Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society,	5 30
At Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 21,	4 00
At Kingston, " Feb. 2,	4 90
At Feltonville, " " 4,	6 00
At Manchester, "	2 00
At Fall River, " Feb. 18,	12 00
At Newport, R. I., " 23,	7 00
	$45 80

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for *Standard,*	$93 41
Donations,	122 80
Total,	$216 21

CORRECTION—Leominster Fair, acknowledged in Standard of Feb. 17th, $100 08, should be $104 08.

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

[Continued.]

John L. Whiting, Boston,	$1 00
H. & A. Parmenter, Newport, R. I.,	5 00
Samuel May, Jr. (sale of tracts),	1 00
J. Mortimer Hall, New York,	10 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Special Notices.

☞ AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Greenfield (Franklin County, Massachusetts), on Saturday evening and Sunday, March 10th and 11th, at the Town Hall. It will be attended by STEPHEN S. FOSTER, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, CHARLES L. REMOND, and LEWIS FORD, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

☞ AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Lenox (Berkshire County), on Thursday evening and Friday, March 15th and 16th, which will be attended by Messrs. FOSTER, REMOND and FORD.

A similar Convention will be held in Cummington (Hampshire County), at the Meeting-house of the Independent Church, on Saturday evening and Sunday, March 17 and 18. To be attended by the same speakers as the preceding.

☞ PETER BIAS, a coloured man, who formerly was held a slave by Ann Ravenscraft, of Hampshire County, Virginia, and who ran away from her, ten or twelve years ago, is informed that, by her will, he was made free; and this notice is inserted at the request of his brother, Alfred Brown (now owned by Abner Ravenscraft, of Kingwood, Preston County, Virginia), who desire to hear from him. By calling on the undersigned, at the office of the Metropolitan Fire Insurance Company, corner of Broadway and Pine street, or, if not in the city, sending there such a message as he wishes transmitted to his brother, he will very much gratify that brother, who has long desired to ascertain his fate. E. A. STANSBURY.

New York, March 7, 1855.

Advertisements.

CINCINNATI RETREAT FOR THE INSANE, under the charge of EDWARD MEAD, M.D., Editor of the American Psychological Journal, Lecturer on Insanity and Forensic Medicine, late Professor of Obstetrics, and formerly of Materia Medica, &c.

This Institution is open for the reception of patients. It is a select establishment, presenting superior advantages. None but quiet patients are admitted. The long experience of the superintendent, as a practitioner and teacher, affords a guaranty of kindly care and the most successful treatment.

Terms made known on application to Dr. Mead, Cincinnati, Ohio. mh10-1y

THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN are informed that JOAB S. SARGENT, formerly editor of the Southern Sabbath School Journal, may be found at 266 Hicks street, corner of State, Brooklyn, from 7 A. M. to 10 o'clock in the Evening, prepared to give Phrenological Descriptions of Character, for the mere pittance of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH. (The Messrs. Fowlers are charging from One Dollar to Five for the same services.)

Persons desiring Prof. Sargent to CALL upon them in his professional capacity may drop a note to him, through the City Post-Office, stating the location of residence, and the hour at which it is desirable he should call, which will be as promptly attended to as previous calls will permit. In order to preserve himself from imposition, Prof. S. makes it a rule that the fee must invariably accompany the call, or it will not be responded to.

EXTRACTS FROM COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

"The public will be pleased to learn that Prof. Joab S. Sargent is devoting his time to the giving of Charts, or Phrenological Descriptions of Character, and that he has placed his services within the reach of the million, in that he only asks 25 cents for full descriptions. At such times as these, when hosts of Mother Judies are confounding the noble Science of Phrenology with humbug fortune-telling, it is gratifying to know that there is one practitioner in our midst, the snap of whose eye is ample assurance of ability, and whose antecedents furnish us abundant evidence of private worth."

"Prof. Joab S. Sargent is a genuine Yankee. Put forth upon the world in boyhood under the most unfavourable auspices, he has, by the prudent use of his only legacy—talent—risen to be what we now behold him, though still but a young man. It is a sure cure for the blues to steal a half hour of time from him by drawing him into conversation. Every young man at least should go and see him."

"We had long doubted the merits of Phrenology as a Science, until, on comparing the Charts as given by Prof. Sargent with those obtained from other distinguished Phrenologists, we found a most remarkable similarity of opinion. The lucid descriptions given by Prof. S. at once startle the sitter with an assurance that a magic hand holds before him his mental record. It is almost fortune-telling." f24

Miscellaneous Department.

A SCHOOL-FRIEND OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN ADAM FERGUSON.

Died, last Christmas day, Sir Adam Ferguson, the school-friend of Scott, and his friend through life—a conspicuous figure, of course, in Mr. Lockhart's biography of the great fictionist. Many interesting and pleasant memories hovered around the name of this fine old man; and in his removal from the world, one important link between the Old and the New is severed. It will be almost startling to our readers to hear that there lived so lately one who could say that he had sat on the knee of David Hume. Yet such was the case. Sir Adam had often been so seated, and received *bon-bons* from the pocket of the philosopher—of the benevolent expression of whose countenance, he said, no portrait gave an adequate representation. Equally surprising it must be to think of the deceased as the son of one who fought in the battle of Fontenoy. Yet this also is true.

At that action, which took place in May, 1745, Adam Ferguson, the father of our friend, was present as chaplain of the Black Watch—the same regiment which, under the name of the Forty-second, has distinguished itself so much in the recent conflicts in the Crimea. The Colonel was rather surprised to see the chaplain coming on among the rest, with a broadsword in his hand, and ordered him to the rear. He would not go—the Colonel threatened him with the loss of his commission. He took out the document from his pocket, and throwing it on the ground with an exclamation more significant than clerical, joined in that charge which the French afterwards described as so terrible—when "the Highland furies," they said, "rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Even this curious fact does not give the case in its strongest light. The present writer can never forget the strange feeling which came over him one day, when, chancing to meet Sir Adam Ferguson on a country ride, in the neighbourhood of an old mansion-house near Edinburgh, he heard the ancient knight remark:

"There is Brunstain House, where my father lived in 17— as Secretary to Justice-clerk Milton."

This Lord Milton was the acting *sous-ministre* for Scotland in the administration of Walpole. Here was a limb of Walpole's government, it might be said, speaking the other day through a son. It seemed to crumple up time, and make it look as nothing. It may be added, that this young secretary's father was pastor of the Aberdeenshire parish in which Balmoral is situated, immediately after the revolution; and in his manse at Crathy, he had given shelter to some of the unfortunate Macdonalds of Glencoe, on their flight from the celebrated massacre.

It may be remarked, that the secretary afterwards came to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, and an eminent author. The work by which he is best known is his "History of the Roman Republic." He acted as secretary to the commission sent out by Lord North, in 1778, to try to make up matters with the Americans; and endeavoured on that occasion, but in vain, to be allowed to go in person to the Congress at Yorktown, and lay the British proposals before them. He was in many respects a singular man. Having had a stroke of paralysis at sixty, he put himself upon a rigid vegetable and milk diet, with an entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and thus survived thirty-three years, dying at last rather because he had ceased to wish to live than from any failure of the powers of life. That is to say, the interest he felt in the war being at an end in 1815, he became comparatively careless about regimen and other such matters, and so sunk in the ensuing year. Perhaps never did any stoic philosopher more completely subject his passions and feelings to his reason than did Dr. Adam Ferguson.

The son was in many respects a contrast to the father. Although a man of good talents, he never showed the least disposition to concentrate them in any course by which distinction was to be won. Gay and light-hearted, he was entirely calculated for the *insouciant* life of a soldier; and a soldier he accordingly became. He had made an attempt, indeed, to enter life as a writer to the Signet (equivalent to the English solicitor), but it was of no use. How happy must have been the "messes" which he joined! Barrack life could have had with him no dullness. The hardest campaign must have been sensibly alleviated, if Ferguson shared in it, for he had a pleasantry for every possible contingency. It must have been surprising to any English brother officer to consider him as a Scotsman, for not one particle of that sagacious and somewhat repulsive gravity which is attributed to the nation belonged to him. It would not have been surprising, however, to discover how much goodness of disposition and solid worth were joined to this gay temper.

Ferguson, who was the senior of Scott by less than a year, met him at the high school; and they immediately became friends. At that time, Dr. Ferguson lived in a solitary suburban villa, which his friends used to call Kamtschatka, on account of its being so far out of the way; and here, every Sunday, he received a few of his brother literati at dinner. Black, the illustrious chemist, whose niece he had married; Hutton, the father of modern geology; Robertson, the historian; John Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas; Smith, the author of the Wealth of Nations; and Dugald Stewart, were among the ordinary visitors of Kamtschatka; and into this brilliant circle Scott was introduced, when a mere boy, by his boy-friend Adam.

One day, in 1787, Dugald Stewart brought with him, as a kind of protégé, the poet Robert Burns, who had just then burst upon the public gaze. Scott was there, a noteless youth, glad to keep by some safe corner of the room, whence he might eye the luminaries at a distance, without ever presuming to think himself worthy of conversing with any of them. This was the only occasion on which Burns and Scott were ever brought together; and Scott, many years after, gave an account of the meeting to Mr. Lockhart. He speaks particularly of the poet's large black eye, which he says "literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest." But Ferguson told some particulars which Scott's modesty suppressed. He used to say that Burns did not at first join the circle, or attempt to join into their conversation, but casting his eye on a framed print which hung on the wall, he became quickly interested in the scene which it displayed. It was a winter piece by Bunbury, representing a dead soldier on the ground, with his wife and child lamenting over him; and these lines inscribed below:

> Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
> Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Sad, mournful presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptised in tears.

The eyes of Burns overflowed as he read, and he turned with an agitated voice to the company, asking if anyone knew who wrote those beautiful lines. The philosophers sat mute; and after an interval, young Walter said half aloud and very carelessly: "They're written by one Langhorne." Burns caught the response, and seeming both surprised and amused that a boy should know what all those eminent men were ignorant of, he said to Scott, "You'll be a man, yet, sir." Rather oddly, we have found, on an inspection of the identical copy of the print, that the name "Langhorne" is inscribed below the lines, though in so small a character, that when the picture hung on a wall, it might well have escaped the notice of both Burns and Scott.

Through all their days of youth, the intimacy of Ferguson with Walter Scott knew no abatement. Many were the merry meetings in which they took part, in the Edinburgh oyster-cellars, and the taverns of Newhaven; but Ferguson always bore strong testimony to the practically virtuous and temperate life of Scott in those days. When Scott, as a writer's apprentice, went to serve some writ upon a recusant farmer in the Perthshire Highlands, and thus made his first acquaintance with those romantic scenes which he afterwards introduced into his *Lady of the Lake*, Ferguson accompanied him. Some years before the close of the century, Dr. Ferguson lived in a very retired place called Hallyards, amidst the pastoral hills of Peeblesshire, where a misshapen and eccentric dwarf, called David Ritchie, was a near neighbour.

Scott came one summer to pay his friend a visit there, and was taken to see David, as one of the lions of the district. The misanthrope—for so he was—seeing Scott's lameness, seemed to take to him more than he did to strangers generally, and having, perhaps, heard of his curious old-world learning, took him firmly by the wrist, saying, in his harsh, wild voice: "Ha'e ye any poo'er?"—meaning magical power. The visitor seemed appalled by the look and words of the dwarf, and as the door of the little murky cottage had been shut and bolted, he evidently seemed far from being comfortable. With a blenched cheek and trembling frame, he murmured a disclaimer of gifts above this world—when David, rousing up a hitherto unseen huge black cat, and making the creature spring up to the top o his bed, added: "He has poo'er!" This was such a scene as doth not often occur in civilized life, and it impressed the future novelist greatly. Out of the occurrence, twenty years after, sprung his tale of the *Black Dwarf*.

Another of Dr. Ferguson's neighbours was a laird of antique stamp, who had six blooming daughters, to one of whom young Adam had dared to lift the eyes of affection. It was agreed by Scott to accompany his friend on a call at the manor-house, and as far as possible make play, so as to help him to an opportunity of saying a few private words to the young lady. After some chat in the parlour, the party took a walk in the garden, where Ferguson contrived to move on in front with his *inamorata*, whild the old spectacled laird, with his stick over his shoulder, brought up the rear, attended by the story-telling Scott. The lover, at the end of a walk, heard his friend's voice: "It was in the year fourteen hundred and eighty-three," &c.; and was just thinking he might safely advance a very interesting proposition to his fair companion, when suddenly the laird's voice broke in: "Now that's what I cannot allow. There must be nothing of the kind. I can give no permission—so you need not attempt it."

He turned in alarm, to see the laird starting forward in an excited manner, while Scott came limping after, with a vain attempt to recall his attention to the fifteenth century. "Oh, its all over with me," thought he; and from that moment abandoned his hopes. What was his mortification afterwards to learn that the laird had never once thought of interdicting his passion, but was merely anxious to debar him from attacking a particular kind of red gooseberry, which he set aside for his own eating, and which he thought his young visitor was approaching rather too near.

Ferguson joined his first regiment at Ayr, and found the officers, especially the young ones, somewhat prejudiced against him, on account of having already entered life in a civil profession. By the virtue of a barrel of Edinburgh oysters and a small keg of Highland whiskey, not to speak of his own delightful songs and stories, he wonderfully overcame all difficulty; yet still there was a disposition to quiz him. When it was known that he was ordered to take out the men to parade one morning, there was an assemblage of young ones at the head of a close opposite, to enjoy the sight of his awkwardness: but, behold, the ex-writer managed the men as well as if he had been twenty years in the army. Observing the lurking-party across the way, he called out: "Ah, you dogs, I see what you're after; but ye didn't know that I was an old hand in the Edinburgh Volunteers!" He was in reality a completely schooled-officer, but had concealed the fact in order to countermine them.

He passed through the Peninsular War under Wellington, and told many pleasant stories of his campaigns, most of which have vanished from our memory. One, referring to the only occasion of his ever coming in contact with the great commander, was very apt to turn up. He was posted with a small party beside a river, to watch its subsidence from a flood, as it was expected that the enemy only waited till it was fordable before crossing to make an attack. The commander came riding up with one or two of his staff, and began to inquire about the state of the river, but at the same time kept constantly looking about, as if more than half engaged with some other kind of reconnoissance. Ferguson said he thought the river was now passable.

"Have you been accustomed to judge of rivers?"

"Yes."

"What river have you known?"

"The Tweed, my lord."

"The Tweed, the Tweed," said Wellington, abstractedly, and still looking about.

"Yes, my lord, the Tweed, which divides Scotland from England," answered Ferguson, betrayed into a piece of ludicrous explanation by the absorbed manner of his commander. At that moment, his eye caught Sir Thomas Picton bursting out into a fit of laughter, in which Lord Wellington could not refrain from joining; and we rather think this laugh took a complete round of the army, and that several weeks elapsed before Ferguson heard the end of it.

In 1811, Ferguson wrote to his old friend Scott from Lisbon:

"I need not tell you how greatly I was delighted with the success of the 'Lady of the Lake.' I dare say you are by this time well tired of such greetings; so I shall only say that last spring I was so fortunate as to get a reading of it when in the lines of Torres Vedras, and thought I had no inconsiderable right to enter in and judge of its beauties, having made one of the party on your first visit to the Trosachs. While the book was in my possession, I had nightly invitations to evening parties, to read and illustrate passages of it; and I must say that (though not conscious of much merit in the way of recitation) my attempts to do justice to the grand opening of the stag-hunt were always followed with bursts of applause, for this canto was the favourite among the rough sons of the Fighting-Third Division. At this time, supplies of various kinds, especially anything in the way of delicacies, were very scanty; and in gratitude, I am bound to declare that to the good offices of 'the Lady' I owed many a nice slice of ham and rummer of hot punch, which, I assure you, were among the most welcome favours that one officer could bestow upon another, during the long rainy months of last January and February."

Captain Ferguson, when in command of a small outlying party at Burgos, in 1812, was taken prisoner, and conducted into France. He underwent some hardships on this occasion, but bore a light heart through them all, and even contrived to pay a visit to Paris. He was in an open fiacre in the street, when the word was given to make room for the Emperor, who was about to pass. His charioteer drew up at the side pavement, and Ferguson prepared to get a view of the great man. He had better, however, have kept out of the way. The eye of Napoleon was caught by something foreign and peculiar in his aspect, and as he slowly passed, he took a keen and suspicious look of the stranger. "Il vous a fixé," quoth the driver, as much as to say, "You are done for." In brief space, the English prisoner was in the presence of Fouché, chief of the police, who subjected him to a most searching examination. It was only through Napoleon's veneration for the names of his father and granduncle—Joseph Black, the chemist—that his frolic ended without unpleasant consequences.

After the conclusion of the war, Scott felt very anxious to promote the interests of his old friend, and through his exertions mainly he was appointed keeper of the regalia of Scotland, with a salary, to which George IV. afterwards added the knighthood. The affections of Scott are strikingly shown in Ferguson's history. He was anxious to induce the retired officer to come with his sisters and reside in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford; and the only difficulty was as to a house. At the distance of a couple of miles there was a neat small estate, with a mansion upon it, which the laird was disposed to part with; but he asked what was thought a high price—namely, £10,000. According to our recollection of Ferguson's narration, the two friends walked over one Saturday to Totfield—for so the place was called—and entered into discussion with the laird. After a brief conversation, seeing the proprietor stand firm, Scott agreed to take the estate at the money—a singularly off-hand way of transacting such a piece of business, Ferguson felt real concern, and, as they came away, said:

"Walter, I'm afraid you've been rather rash here."

"No, no," replied Scott, "don't say a word about it—it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and what although it be a long price, why I've only to spin a few more of those old stories to make all right."

So Totfield, under the new name of Huntly Burn, became the retreat of the old soldier, who from that time was almost daily in the company of his friend, and the confidant of all his literary doings. After a few years, Ferguson married a widow lady, whose niece in time became the wife of Scott's son; a step by which the bonds of the two friends were drawn, if possible, tighter. Sir Adam's cheerful good nature, his uncommon powers, almost rivalling Scott's own, of telling a story, and his really admirable gift of song, especially in the department of the old merry minstrelsy of Scotland (*Johnie Cope*, for instance, and *Hame Cam our Goodman at e'en*), endeared him to the family circle at Abbotsford, and insured his becoming a lasting image in the memory of every visitor.

Thomas Moore has left a strong testimony of his enjoyment of Sir Adam's society, his stories and his Jacobite ditties. Wilkie, in painting the Abbotsford family in one group, put in Ferguson's tall, lank figure and droll countenance as a necessary appendage, and it chances to be by far the best part of the picture. It is not to be supposed that any other man of the same amount of talent for humour would have been equally agreeable to Scott, even granting him to have also been a school companion. The humour of Ferguson was of the same Scottish type with Scott's own; and all his ideas and stories had that smack of Scottish association which Sir Walter so intensely relished. Here lay the charm. It was a charm quite peculiar, and which none but a Scotsman, and one of somewhat old fashion, can entirely appreciate. To the Great Magician of the Border, it was one-half of the very salt of life.

We had the pleasure, a few years ago, of accompanying Sir Adam on an excursion in Peeblesshire, being the last visit he ever paid to that district, where he had spent many youthful years. It was most delightful to hear his racy recollections of the men and things there sixty years back; and in particular, to survey with him the old manor-house at Hallyards, and listen to what he had to tell of almost every room in it, and every marked spot in its neighbourhood, in connection with some distinguished name, or some interesting occurrence. * * * On this occasion he slept a night at the house of my brother, Mr. W. Chambers, at Glenormiston; and there during the evening poured out numerous amusing anecdotes connected with Tweedside. It is to be remarked that Dr. Ferguson's first residence in Peeblesshire was at Neidpath Castle, which was then just about to fall into its present half-ruinous state. On settling there, he told his family that it was his desire that any of the respectable people of the neighbourhood who called should be received with the utmost civility, so that they might remain on pleasant terms with all around them.

Ere many days had elapsed, a neatly-dressed gentleman-like little man was shown into Dr. Ferguson's own room, and entered easily into miscellaneous conversation. The bell for their early family-dinner ringing at the time, the courteous professor invited his visitor to join the family in the dining-room, which he readily consented to do. The family, remembering their fathers's injunction, of course received the unknown with all possible distinction, and a very lively conversation ensued. Dr. Ferguson, however, expressed his concern to see that his guest was eating very little—indeed, only making an appearance of eating—and he confessed his regret that they had so little variety of fare to offer him.

"Oh, doctor," said the stranger, "never mind me; the fact is, on *killing-days* I scarcely ever have any appetite."

Not small was the surprise, but much greater the amusement of the family, on discovering that he of the stingy appetite was Robert Smith, the Peebles butcher, and that the object of the visit was merely to bespeak Dr. Ferguson's custom!

Sir Adam had fewer anecdotes of Scott than one would have expected; nor were they in general of a remarkable kind. One occurrence, which put himself into a ludicrous light, happened when Sir Humphreg Davy came on a visit to Abbotsford. Ferguson having heard that Scott was out in the fields with a visitor, and having concluded, from some circumstances, that the stranger was his old naval acquaintance, Lord John Hay, went out in search of them, and coming up in view on one side of the Rhymer's Glen, while they were at the distance of a quarter of a mile on the other, immediately began to pipe out a tissue of nautical phrases, with appropriate gesticulations, by way of a comical hail to his friend. Scott stared at him, in apprehension of his having suddenly gone mad; and as for the philosopher, who had never seen the merry knight before, he had no doubt on the point whatever. The affair stood a good deal of laughing that evening after dinner.

Scott was never wanting in something pleasant to say, even on the most trivial occassions. Calling one day at Huntly Burn, soon after the settlement of his friend in that house, and observing a fine honey-suckle in full blossom over the door, he congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She remarked that it was the kind called trumpet-honeysuckle, from the form of the flower. "Weel," said Scott, "ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets."

On a gusty autumn day, Scott and Ferguson went out a-coursing over the high grounds above Galashiels, and were like to be blown off their ponies. Coming to a lonely farmhouse, in a very exposed situation, they tapped at the door, but could get no admission. Hearing at length a female voice within, Sir Adam called out:

"What's come o' a' the men?"

"Ou, they're a' awa' ower to Windydoors" (a real place so named).

"I think they micht ha'e been content wi' their ain doors to-day," said Scott, in his quiet, droll way, as he turned his pony's head.

Scott's friend survived him upwards of twenty-two years, and remained in tolerable health and vigour within a few weeks of his death. Till struck with his mortal illness, he could enter into any cheerful scene, and even into the amusements of young people, with all his sprightliness and his endless powers of pleasing. One cannot well doubt that this sunniness of disposition had something to do with his attaining the age of eighty-four in such good condition of body. Now, he has gone, all who knew him must feel that he leaves a great blank; for where can now be found anyone to talk of Hume, Smith and Robertson from personal association, or to express so well the characteristic humour of old Scotland in song and in story? R. C.

P. S.—The last time I saw Sir Adam was six weeks before his death, when he called at our place of business in the High street, Edinburgh. The object of his visit was to express his gratification with the sketches of my American tour, which had appeared in the *Journal*. "I am delighted," said the old man, "with your account of America. But to tell you the truth, I am naturally partial to that great country, which I am afraid has not been well treated by most English writers." On my asking how he should have taken such a fancy for America he replied: "You know, my father, when a young man, was sent to America by our government, on a mission which did not come to any good. And I have heard him say that the people of England did not know what a grand country they had lost by their folly."

"Sir Adam," I asked, "did your father on that occasion see Washington?" "Yes," he replied, "and the way of it was curious. The commissioners whom my father accompanied, could not be received by General Washington—the thing having gone too far for a reconciliation on the old basis. But my father was politely invited by Washington to visit him as a private individual; and he was escorted to the American lines, and kindly entertained by the general in his tent. My father always spoke of this interview with much pleasure. Well, all this gave me a strong notion of America, and it has been one of the dreams of my life to visit the United States. But circumstances—circumstances—alas! it is now too late to think of it. You know the old ryme—

> Be sure yon firmly tak' the grip,
> O ilka pleasure when ye're young,
> Before auld age ye're vitals nip,
> And lay ye twafold o'er a rung!

[*R. Chambers, in Chambers's Journal.*]

WAR: ITS COST AND ITS CHARACTER.

During the reign, through nearly-forty years, of that peace which has recently been broken, the main causes of the unprecedentedly heavy taxation of the people, chiefly the labouring classes, of this country, were the cost of former wars, and the maintenance of naval and military establishments, with their indispensable adjunct, and Ordnance Department. Every year, twenty-eight millions sterling were demanded to pay the interest of £800,000,000 of national debt, while from twelve to seventeen millions more were required for the support of the defences deemed necessary for our home and foreign dominions. Hence, from the peace of Europe in 1815 until our late declaration of war against Russia, the cost of the country for past wars and present defences was £1,560,000,000—and this, exclusive of the war expenditure of India, which during the same period was, at the lowest computation, £400,000,000—making a grand total of £2,060,000,000. With regard to our national debt, we may quote the language of a late Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, who declared, in the House of Commons, that the wars which principally occasioned it, namely, the American War and the War with France, were "neither just nor necessary."

Well, we are again at war. On the 27th of March, 1854, her Majesty, by the advice of her Ministers, informed the two Houses of Parliament that negotiations with the Emperor of Russia had terminated—that her Majesty felt bound to afford active assistance to her ally the Sultan against unprovoked aggression—and that she relied with confidence on the exertions of her brave and loyal subjects to support her in her determination to employ the power and resources of the nation for protecting the dominions of the Sultan against the encroachments of Russia. Her Majesty's brave and loyal subjects, without, as we think, sufficiently inquiring into the causes of the war, or sufficiently considering its consequences, responded to the appeal so made to them; and as the first year of the great struggle is now drawing to a close, it may not be amiss to glance at some of the results which have, up to the present, been realized.

The parties participating in the war have been the French, the English, the armies of the Czar, and the forces of our Mahomedan ally the Sultan. One result has been the loss of the lives of more than 200,000 men, who have died—either on the field of battle, or from wounds received in action, or from pestilence, famine, or over-work. Of these, about 100,000 have been Mahomedans, the remainder English, French and Russians. Another result has been the expenditure of more than twenty millions sterling in excess of our ordinary warlike expenditure; so that, during the past year, our outgoings for war purposes have been over one million sterling a week. But this calculation does not by any means show the full cost of the war. The war has had the effect of preventing the people from obtaining food where, otherwise, there would have been large supplies. The *peace* loaf, we know, could be obtained for 5d. or 6d., whereas now, notwithstanding an almost unexampled harvest, the loaf is nearly double its former price, occasioning a loss to the consumers of this country, it is not too much to say, of nearly twenty millions. This sum, withdrawn from the general trade of the country, has already caused a considerable amount of stagnation and embarrassment, a state of things continually growing worse and worse. From various parts of the kingdom we have received accounts of the rapid increase of pauperism, arising from the want of employment, and we have reason to believe that at this moment nearly 50,000 paupers have been added to the list, by the war in which we are engaged. This pauperism has caused a corresponding increase in the amount of the poor's rates.

We allude to these facts for the purpose of inducing our readers to give a calm and Christian-like attention to the subject of war, in the light of its effects upon the social and economic condition of the country. We do not for the present discuss the original justice and necessity of the war, but we do unhesitatingly declare our conviction that it is the duty of every man to give his voice in favour of the earliest possible termination of existing hostilities.

For ourselves, we confess to an ardent love of peace. While we humbly labour for the good of our race, we deem it one of our first duties to preach the truths promulgated by that Great Teacher who came "not to destroy, but to save life." We would inculcate upon our children, and mankind at large, that they have a better and holier mission than that of making war upon the nations of the earth. We believe

> There exists
> A higher than the warrior's excellence.
> In war itself there is no ultimate purpose—
> The vast and sudden deeds of violence;
> Adventures wild, and wonders of a moment.
> These are not things that ever generate
> The calm, the blissful, the enduring mighty.

We are not ashamed to own to that sentimentalism which sickens at the contemplation of the spectacle of hosts of men meeting for the purpose of mutual destruction. Those gathered thousands, on either side, have never in their lives met before. Never, before, have they even so much as seen each other, still less exchanged a word either in amity or anger. Kindness or unkindness there is none between those two masses of palpitating, living men. As far as they are individually and personally concerned in the quarrel, they are perfectly passionless. Take a man from each of these hosts, soon to be engaged in deadly encounter, and if anywhere, away from that enchanted spot, the one saw the other menaced by danger of an imminent kind, he would generously peril his life to rescue him. Take any one man from either host, and you will behold the noblest of all known created beings—a creature fearfully and wonderfully made; the object in earliest infancy of the fondest maternal caresses. How much care and unceasing nurture did it require to rear him? How much circumspect tenderness to lead him from infancy to youth? What prayers have been breathed into the ears of a merciful God for his continued safety? What groans and anguish will not his fall occasion to the Rachel left weeping "because he is not"? Who amongst our readers can reflect upon the destruction of such a being without a pang? Destroy some beautiful product of Nature's chemistry, reduce it to its elements, and, with some care and trouble, you may, perhaps, re-produce it; but where is the synthesis that can re-produce one of the two hundred thousand whom this war has destroyed?

> Oh, thou fell monster War! that in a moment
> Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
> The boast and master-piece of the Great Maker,
> That wears in vain the impression of His image
> Unprivileged from thee!

—*The (London) Empire.*

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

> 'Tis only where God planteth sun, the lilies are secure,
> Ours rested on a lakelet cool, before our rustic door;
> They blossomed there thro' Summer heats, and thro' the Autumn's chill,
> And made themselves as much at home as the lilies round the sill.
>
> But ah! there came one April day, a flood that washed away
> The bank that to our silvery pond had made an earthly stay!
> Now, where are our dear lilies gone? We did one morn awake,
> Not this alone, dismayed, to ask—but, where is gone our lake?
>
> Still, in their cherished tomb lives memories of their evanished bloom;
> As from their flood-washed, gravelly grave—thus thoughtful of their doom—
> We make us clean and winding paths through old, neglected grounds,
> And find though bloom and lake are gone, pure beauty yet abounds.
>
> And we have faith—the Christian's faith, emerging from the death,
> That somewhere do our lilies dear, pour out their fragrant breath;
> And as we tread the wave-washed bed, we say, earth be our path,
> Unto a home where nought shall come such evanescence hath!

Milney, July, 1855. A. P. C.

From The Crayon, February 28.

"OUR COINAGE."

The readers of the *Crayon* will find on another page an article, by an eminent sculptor, on the appearance of our national coins. It is high time to commence a crusade against the unnecessarily rude faces they present. There is probably no civilized nation whose coins are so unartistic as ours. Nay, we are sure that even those of China are more appropriately ornamented, since they do not pretend to anything beyond a significance, and that is complete. We aim at something artistic, and produce something that *we* have never liked to show in other countries.

We well remember one day showing one of our gold coins to some fellow-students in the school at Paris. One of them took it, and looking at the head, remarked quietly, and as though he feared to mortify us, "it is not at all well modelled," and we were compelled to say, "it is execrable." The head is bad on all the coins, from the cent up, but it is better than the eagle, and that, still better than the full length of Liberty. The only tolerable device in use is that in which the denomination of the coin is enclosed in a wreath of laurel; though the significance of this we could never comprehend.

The imprint on a coin demands two things to make it complete—significance and accuracy of design. The coins of most European governments present on one side the coat of arms of the country, and on the other, the head of the reigning sovereign. The former is traditional, and prescribes the traditional forms of all things represented—they are given for their meaning, not as artistic representations of the objects—and given with the same form and quaintness which they have born for centuries, and which have become reverend from age and association. They are memoranda of the youth of the nation, inscribed with barbaric graphicality, and never to be modified or effaced.

Heraldry is a system of hieroglyphic writing, and Art proper has nothing whatever to do with it. If we leave heraldry proper and make an ornamental design for a coin, we work in subjection to the laws of taste, and that which we do is open to criticism as a work of art.

Our country has no antiquity whose heroic achievements are commemorated by the hieroglyphic types of the college of heralds—it cannot of course have a heraldry, and attempt to get up a coat of arms for the United States of America is simply absurd.

If we wish to adopt an emblem, it is very well, but let it be distinctly understood that heraldry has nothing to do with it, and that its representation must be in subjection to the laws of taste. We have chosen the eagle. Good! He is a noble bird, and, properly represented, would make a beautiful medallion. The substitution of his head alone for that deformity labelled "liberty" would be a good step, and in the hands of a good sculptor the bird would make a more beautiful coin-face than any we know.

But *our* eagle is an ornithological curiosity—a sprawling, straddling, ungainly, graceless thing, which any school-boy, who has ever seen a bird of any kind should be ashamed to draw. It violates every law of anatomy and taste alike. There lies before us a dozen half dollars of 1850, a late coinage. Will any man who is capable of seeing a difference between a golden pheasant and a Shanghai cock, look for one minute at the bird on that coin, and then say that it does not offend him.

Turn it over! You have what is supposed to represent liberty—an effigy, but still not an heraldic one. We do not know where, or how, or by whom, it was designed—if, indeed, it was designed at all, and did not come by chance—but, we are sure that we could go into any French life-school, and find a boy of sixteen who would furnish, in half an hour, a better design than that in every respect. It is so badly drawn that it becomes perfectly ridiculous, and beneath criticism.

Why is this? It is not because there is not enough talent in the country to secure good designs. An expense of one thousand dollars would give us a complete set of designs which would make our coinage the most beautiful in the world—worthy of a poetic and picturesque country. The dies and coinage would cost no more than at present, and, instead of the wretched things which greet us when we draw a coin from our pockets, we should see continually works of art—models which an aspiring young sculptor might emulate. It is an excellent point from which to begin a reform of national taste.

But what to do! Who governs these things? In England, and, we believe, through Europe, a practical artist directs them, and the models for the coins are made by some of the first artists in the country; but here, we cannot even determine upon whom to charge these atrocities.

Can we not have a National Fine Art Commission, who shall superintend not only this matter, but the art interest at Washington—the ornamentation of our public buildings—the selection of pictures and statuary? It would cost nothing; for there are competent persons enough in the country who would willingly serve unpaid, and, even if they were well paid, the country would save by it in not being obliged to pay the ridiculous price they have paid for some of the national acquisitions in the fine arts line. It is just as easy to have these things well done as badly done, and infinitely more profitable in the long run.

From the North American Review.

BERKELEY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

In 1725, Bishop Berkeley published his proposals in explanation of this long-cherished purpose; at the same time he offered to resign his livings, and to consecrate the remainder of his days to this Christian undertaking. So magnetic were his appeal and example, that three of his brother-fellows, at Oxford decided to unite with him in the expedition. Many eminent and wealthy persons were induced to contribute their influence and money to the cause. But he did not trust wholly to such means. Having ascertained the worth of a portion of the St. Christopher's land ceded by France to Great Britian by the treaty of Utrecht, and about to be disposed of for public advantage, he undertook to realize from them larger proceeds than had been anticipated, and suggested that a certain amount of these funds should be devoted to his college. Availing himself of the friendly intervention of a Venetian gentleman whom he had known in Italy, he submitted the plan to George I., who directed Sir Robert Walpole to carry it through Parliament. He obtained a charter for "erecting a college by name St. Paul, in Bermuda, with a president and nine fellows, to maintain and educate Indian scholars at the rate of ten pounds a year. George Berkeley to be the first president, and his companions from Trinity College the fellows." His commission was voted May 11, 1726. To the promised amount of twenty thousand pounds to be derived from the land sale, many sums were added from individual donation. The letters of Berkeley to his friends at this period, are filled with discussions of his scheme; it absorbed his time, taxed his ingenuity, warmed his heart, and drew forth the warm sympathy and earnest coöperation of his many admirers, though regret at the prospect of leaving his society, constantly finds expression. Swift, in a note to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says: "I do humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and genius at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design." "I have obtained reports," says one of his own letters, "from the Bishop of London, the board of trade and plantations, and the attorney and solicitor-general;" "yesterday the charter passed the privy seal;" "the lord chancellor is not a busier man than myself;" and elsewhere—"I have had more opposition from the governors and traders to America, than from any one else, but God be praised, there is an end of all their narrow and mercantile views and endeavours, as well as of the jealousies and suspicions of others (some of whom were very great men), who apprehended this college may produce an independency in America, or, at least, lessen her dependency on England."

Frencou's ballad of the "Indian Boy," who ran back to the woods from the halls of learning, was written subsequently, or it might have discouraged Berkeley in his idea of the capacity of the American savages for education; but more positive obstacles thwarted his generous aims. The king died before affixing his seal to the charter, which delayed the whole proceedings. Walpole, efficient as he was a financier and a servant of the house of Brunswick, was a thorough utilitarian, and too practical and worldly wise to share in the disinterested enthusiasm of Berkeley. In his answer to Bishop Gibson whose diocese included the West Indies, when he applied for the funds so long withheld, he says: "If you put the question to me as minister, I must assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America expecting the payment of twenty thousand pounds, I advise him by all means to return to Europe." To the project thus rendered unattainable, Berkeley had devoted seven years of his life and the greater part of his fortune. The amount realized by the sale of confiscated lands, was about ninety thousand pounds, of which eighty thousand were devoted to the marriage portion of the Princess Royal, about to espouse the Prince of Orange; and the remainder, through the influence of Oglethrop, was secured to pay for the transportation of emigrants to his Georgia colony. Berkeley's scheme was more deliberate and well considered than is commonly believed. Horace Walpole calls it "uncertain and amusing;" but a writer of deeper sympathies declares it "too grand and pure for the powers that were." His nature craved and united opportunities of usefulness and of self-culture; he felt the obligation to devote himself to benevolent enterprise; and at the same time earnestly desired both the leisure and the retirement needful for the pursuit of abstract studies. The project he contemplated, promised to realize all these objects. The infinite wants, intellectual and religious, of the new continent, he possessed a heart to feel, and the grand destinies awaiting its growth the imagination to conceive. Those who fancy that his views were limited to the plan of a doubtful missionary experiment, do great injustice to the broad and elevated hopes he cherished, he knew that a recognised seat of learning open to the poor and uncivilized, and the varied moral exigiencies of a new country, would insure ample scope for the exercise of all his erudition and his talents; he felt that his mind would be a kingdom wherever his lot was cast; and he was inspired by a noble interest in the progress of America, and a faith in the new field then open for the advancement of truth, as is evident from the celebrated verses in which these feelings found expression:

> The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
> Barren of every glorious theme,
> In distant lands now waits a better time,
> Producing subjects worthy of fame.
>
> In happy climes, when from the genial sun
> And verdant earth such scenes ensue,
> The force of art by nature seems outdone,
> And fancied beauties by the true;
>
> In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
> Where nature guides and virtue rules,
> Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
> The pedantry of schools;
>
> Then shall we again see the golden age,
> The rise of empire and of arts,
> The good and great inspiring epic rage,
> The wisest heads and noblest hearts;
>
> Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
> Such as she bred when fresh and young,
> When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
> By future poets shall be sung.
>
> Westward the course of empire takes its way
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall end the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In August, 1728, Berkeley married a daughter of the Hon. John Foster, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and, soon after, embarked for America. His companions were, his wife and her friend, Miss Hannock; two gentlemen of fortune, James and Dalton; and Smibert the painter. In a picture by the latter, now in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven, are preserved the portraits of this group, as they appeared in the cabin, during the voyage; it was sketched at sea, and afterwards painted for a gentlemen of Boston, of whom it was purchased, in 1808, by Isaac Lathrop, Esq., and presented to Yale College. This visit of Smibert associates Berkeley's name with the dawn of art in America. They had travelled together in Italy, and the dean induced him to join the expedition party from friendship, and also to enlist his services as instructor in drawing and architecture in the proposed college. Smibert was born in Edinburgh, about the year 1684, and served an apprenticeship there to a house painter. He went to London, and, from painting coaches, rose to copying old pictures for the dealers. He then gave three years for the study of his art in Italy.

"Smibert," says Horace Walpole, "was a silent and modest man, who abhorred the *finesse* of some of his profession, and was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised tranquility and an honest subsistence in a healthy and Elysian climate, and, in spite of remonstrances, engaged with the dean, whose zeal had ranged the favour of the court on his side. The king's death dispelled the vision. One may conceive how a man so devoted to his art must have been animated when the dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted in his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm and glowing with scenery which no pencil had yet made common."

Smibert was the first educated artist who visited our shores, and the picture referred to, the first of more than a single figure executed in the country. To his pencil New England is indebted for portraits of many of her early statesmen and clergy. Among others, he painted for a Scotch gentleman the only authentic likeness of Jonathan Edwards. He married a lady of fortune in Boston, and left her a widow, with two children, in 1751. A high eulogium, on his abilities and character, appeared in the London *Courant*. From two letters addressed to him by Berkeley, when residing at Cloyne, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it would appear that his friendship for the artist continued after their separation, as the bishop urges the painter to recross the sea and establish himself in his neighbourhood.

A considerable sum of money, and a large and choice collection of books, designed as a foundation for the library of St. Paul's College, were the most important items of the dean's outfit. In these days of rapid transit across the Atlantic, it is not easy to realize the discomfits and perils of such a voyage. Brave and philanthropic, indeed, must have been the heart of an English Church dignitary, to whom the road of preferment was open, who was a favourite companion of the genial Steele, the classic Addison, and the brilliant Pope, who basked in the smile of royalty, was beloved of the Church, beloved by the poor, the idol of society, and the peer of scholars—yet could shake off the allurements of such a position, to endure a tedious voyage, a long exile, and the deprivations attendant on a crude state of society and a new civilization, in order to achieve an object, which, however excellent and generous in itself, was of doubtful issue, and beset with obstacles. Confiding in the pledges of those in authority, that the parliamentary grant would be paid when the lands had been selected, and full of the most sanguine anticipations, the noble pioneer of religion and letters approached the shores of the New World.

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS.

I.

PROMETHEUS:

OR, THE POET'S FORE-THOUGHT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

> Of Prometheus, how undaunted
> On Olympus' shining bastions,
> His audacious foot he planted,
> Myths are told and songs are chanted,
> Full of promptings and suggestions.
>
> Beautiful is the tradition
> Of that flight through heavenly portals,
> The old classic superstition
> Of the theft and the transmission,
> Of the fire of the Immortals!
>
> First the deed of noble daring,
> Born of heavenward aspiration,
> Then the fire with mortals sharing,
> Then the vulture—the despairing
> Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.
>
> All is but a symbol painted
> Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
> Only those are crowned and sainted,
> Who with grief have been acquainted,
> Making nations nobler, freer.
>
> In their feverish exultations,
> In their triumph and their yearning,
> In their passionate pulsations,
> In their words among the nations,
> The Promethean fire is burning.
>
> Shall it then, be unavailing,
> All this toil for human culture?
> Through the cloud-rack dark and trailing,
> Must we see above them sailing
> O'er life's barren crags the vulture?
>
> Such a fate as this was Dante's
> By defeat and exile maddened;
> Thus was Milton and Cervantes,
> Nature's priests, and Corybantes,
> By great sorrows touched and saddened.
>
> But the glories so transcendent
> That around their memories cluster,
> That on all their steps attendant
> Make their darkened lives resplendent
> With such gleams of inward lustre!
>
> All the melodies mysterious,
> Through the dreary darkness chaunted;
> Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
> Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
> Words that whispered, songs that haunted!
>
> All the soul is rapt suspension,
> All the quivering, palpitating
> Chords of life in utmost tension,
> With the fervour of invention,
> With the rapture of creating!
>
> Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
> In such hours of exultation,
> Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
> Might behold the vulture sailing
> Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!
>
> Though to all there is not given
> Strength for such sublime endeavour,
> Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
> And to leaven with fiery leaven
> All the hearts of men forever;
>
> Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted,
> Honour and believe the presage,
> Bear aloft the torches lighted,
> Gleaming through the realms benighted,
> As they onward bear the message!

II.

EPIMETHEUS:

OR, THE POET'S AFTER-THOUGHT.

> Have I dreamed? or was it real,
> What I saw as in a vision,
> When no marches hymenial,
> In the land of the Ideal
> Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian?
>
> What! are these the guests, whose glances
> Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me?
> These the wild, bewildering fancies,
> That with dithyrambic dances
> As with magic circles bound me!
>
> Ah! how cold are their caresses!
> Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosom!
> Spectral gleam their snow-white cresses,
> And from loose, dishevelled tresses
> Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!
>
> O, my songs! whose winsome measures
> Filled my heart with secret rapture!
> Children of my golden leisures,
> Must even your delights and pleasures
> Fade and perish with the capture?
>
> Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,
> When they came to me unbidden;
> Voices single, and in chorus,
> Like the wild-birds singing o'er us
> In the dark of branches hidden.
>
> Disenchantment! Disillusion!
> Must each noble aspiration
> Come at last to this conclusion,
> Jarring discord, wild confusion,
> Lassitude, renunciation?
>
> Not with steeper fall nor faster,
> From the sun's serene dominions,
> Not through brighter realms nor vaster,
> In swift ruin and disaster,
> Icarus fell with shattered pinions!
>
> Sweet Pandora! Dear Pandora!
> Why did Jupiter create thee
> Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
> Beautiful as young Aurora,
> If to win thee is to hate thee?
>
> No, not hate thee! for this feeling
> Of unrest and long resistance,
> Is but passionate appealing,
> A prophetic whisper stealing
> O'er the chords of our existence.
>
> Him, whom thou dost once enamour,
> Thou beloved, never leavest;
> In life's discord, strife and clamour,
> Still he feels thy spell of glamour,
> Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.
>
> Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
> Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,
> Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
> Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,
> Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!
>
> Therefore art thou ever dearer,
> O my Sibyl, my deceiver!
> For thou makest each mystery clearer,
> And the unattained seems nearer,
> When thou fillest my heart with fever!
>
> Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
> Though the fields around us wither,
> There are ampler realms and spaces,
> Where no foot has left its traces;
> Let us turn and wander thither!

—*Putnam's Monthly for February.*

Sir E. B. Lytton has addressed to the London *Critic*, the following letter, which tells its own story:

Sir: In the *Critic* of Dec. 15, I read that a New York paper states, "that Bulwer, the novelist in a letter to a gentleman at Boston, says—'I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have expended the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found.'" Assuming "Bulwer, the novelist," to be myself, I beg to state that I know no gentleman in Boston to whom I should write upon any matter concerning myself—that I never wrote anything of the sort to anyone—and that the whole statement is a complete fabrication.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

In North Fourth Street, above Race, at No 61, can be found on hand Shirts, Collars, Ruffles, Wrappers, Stocks, Ties, Gloves, &c. &c. Also, Collars, Shirts, Ruffles, Stocks, &c., made to order at shortest notice and in neatest style. CYRUS WHITSON.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

Removal.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, Have Removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first street S. of Market), Phila. Plain and fancy Jobbing, such as Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c., and Book and Pamphlet work, neatly and promptly executed.
Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

LADIES' BOOT and SHOE STORE. Business Enlarged.—The subscriber has constantly on hand, at wholesale or retail, or will make to order, Ladies Misses' and Children's English or French Lasting Gaiter Boots, together with a large assortment of Morocco, Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.
N. B. Goodyear's Gum Shoes, a pure article, always on hand. W. C. PARKER,
No. 91 N. Sixth st., east side, 3 doors below Race st., Phila

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth st., Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.
☞ Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail.
Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines, expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry, and 2240 lbs. given to the ton. The best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Red and White Ash, and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, or sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT & CO.

NEW BOOK STORE for New Books, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia. THOMAS CURTIS invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Books, Stationery, &c., which he has selected with great care and attention to the wants of the age. Every work affecting the interests of society and of a reformatory character will be obtained soon as published. A great variety of Liberal Books, wholesale and retail. Any rare books imported from Europe. Engravings, Porte-monnaies, Card Cases, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c. Persons residing in the country will have their orders promptly executed tf

DAGUERREOTYPES!—Broadbent & Co offer to those desiring pictures the best facilities in the art. Beautiful landscape, picturesque or plain back grounds, at the option of the sitter; also the new and elegant style of illuminated heads.
Those who desire pictures or portraits copied, Stereoscope portraits of themselves, or miniatures on ivory or beautifully enamelled on porcelain, shall be faithfully served at 236 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGY—Removal.—William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

Philadelphia Spring Goods.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily Dress Goods of all the new fabrics, Silks, Foularde, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns' Organdies, Zerlines, Bareges. Also, Alpacas, Mouselines, Poplins, Shawls, Silk, Crape, Cashmere, Broche, Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings, Furnishing Goods, Irish Linene, Linen Drills, plain and best styles. Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Vestings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmaretts.
32 South Second street.

DAGUERREOTYPES, Stereoscopes and Illuminated Heads, taken in the highest perfection. We warrant our pictures to be *satisfactory to all wishing* true representations of themselves and friends.
Special attention paid to children. Copies taken with accuracy.
We invite all to call and examine specimens at our rooms, No. 340, S. E. corner of Tenth and Market streets, Philadelphia. HENRY C. PHILLIPS,
PHEBE D. PHILLIPS.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mills, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city.
CALEB CLOTHIER.
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public that their Spring Style HATS are now ready. Their manner of doing business is for cash and no abatement from the price first asked. The time saved and losses avoided by this course, as well as their being operatives, enables them to sell at much lower prices and others in the trade. Neither oppressing nor being oppressed, they sell the best French Moleskin Hat for $3.50, and other qualities proportionately low. Men's and Boys' Soft Hats and Caps always on hand, suitable to the season. Friends' Hats made to order. No. 41 N. Sixth St., below Arch, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business: Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike.
The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Philadelphia. JONES & CO.

Silver Medal Awarded by the Franklin Institute, 1852.

F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—Porte-Monnaies, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Money Belts, Purses; silver, pearl, papier-mache and shell Card Cases; Needle-books; Sewing-cases, with or without the furniture; mahogany, rosewood and leather-covered Writing-desks and Dressing-cases, roll-up Writing cases for Travellers; also a handsome assortment of fancy and useful articles, fine French Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Razor-strops, &c. &c. &c.
F. H. SMITH,
Pocket-Book and Case Manufacturer,
N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street.
N. B. Something New.—Fine Pocket Cutlery and Scissors, Bagshaw's manufacture. Purchasers can depend upon getting a good article. If they do not give satisfaction articles will be exchanged or the money refunded.

JOHN W. CLOTHIER & Co., No. 52 N. Fourth st. (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaiee, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery.
Country storekeepers and teachers supplied. Rags bought.

246—THOS. ADAMSON, Jr.—246
No. 246 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Is now prepared to exhibit some decided *Bargains* in
SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,
Splendid new styles Dress Goods.
Great Bargains in Black Silks.
Fine Coburg Cloths, of the most desirable colours;
French Merinoes and Plaid Cashmeres;
Brocha Long and Square Shawls;
New Styles Woollen do. do.
Blankets, Flannels, Tickings, Table Covers,
Sheeting and Shirting Muslins, Irish Linens,
Towels, Napkins, Linen Table Cloths.
Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear—Satinetts from 25 to 75 cts. per yard; Cassimeres from 50 cts. to $2 50. Broadcloths from $1 to $6; Vestings, and a great variety of Plaid and Fancy Cassimeres and Jeans, for Boys' wear.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, the subscriber would respectfully call their attention to articles he manufactures, many of which are made expressly for travelling purposes, great care and study having been expended to render each article truly a multum in parvo; also, his well-selected stock of imported and domestic Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes of all kinds, of English and American manufacture; Combs and Razors, Penknives, Scissors, and every instrument necessary for the toilet, of the most approved makers; an assortment always on hand of Desks, Dressing Cases, Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Money Belts and a general assortment of useful Fancy articles.
WM. T. FRY, Manufacturer,
227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side, Philadelphia.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.